

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

Memoirs of Wolfe Tone	241	Prior's Practical Elocution.....	250	Education in the United States....	252	THE DRAMA: Drury Lane	254
Tales of Welsh Society.....	243	The Castle of Villeroy	251	Die Ideale.....	252	Covent Garden	255
Col. Trench on the Thames Quay..	247	Greece: a Monody on Lord By- }	251	Hindoo Journals	253	University Notices.....	255
Bowring's Servian Poetry	248	ron; and minor Notices	251	The Duke of Rochefoucauld	253	VARIETIES	255
The Salvability of the Heathen	249	ORIGINAL: Evening Parties.....	251	FINE ARTS: Enamel Cards, &c....	253	To Correspondents	256

No. 414.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1827.

Price 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.
(Continued from p. 227.)

It was about the time of his first acquaintance with Russell and Emmet, that Ireland, deeply interested in the French revolution, began to organize those vast bodies of her people, among whom the spirit of rebellion had already awakened with a wild and terrific energy. The aristocracy and high Protestant party trembled at the approaching storm, while every day brought an accession of strength and resolution to the opponents of the English government. The line of policy which had been hitherto pursued, and had thus far succeeded, was now broken by the re-union of Catholics and dissenters. The administration was about to be taught a lesson which governments have been often taught, and as often forgotten. It was about to have it again demonstrated, that when the subtleties of political craft are employed in dividing a people, degradation will be the immediate, rebellion the following, and ruin the final result. May a wiser policy be ever after pursued in the affairs of Ireland, may the cup of her misery be filled no fuller, and may the tolerant, the benignity, the patriotism, the justice of her rulers be in future an antidote to the poison which the venom of an ignorant and bloated system infused into her veins. But to proceed with our narrative; the most powerful of the associations employed at this period, in carrying on the design of the opposition, was the general committee of the Catholics, which consisted of their bishops and some of the most powerful of their laymen. With this body the dissenters united in the pursuit of reform, and a combination was formed likely, to all appearance, to produce the most important consequences. As most of the events of his future life may be traced to his connection with this association, we give Wolfe's own account of his appointment to the situation of their secretary or agent, in which he succeeded the son of Edmund Burke:—

'About this time it was that the leaders of the committee cast their eyes upon me to fill the station left vacant by Richard Burke. It was, accordingly, proposed by my friend John Keogh to appoint me their agent, with the title of assistant secretary, and a salary of £200 sterling a-year, during my continuance in the service of the committee. This proposal was adopted unanimously. John Keogh and John Sweetman were ordered to wait on me, with the proposal in writing, to which I acceded immediately by a respectful answer, and I was that very day introduced in form to the sub-committee, and entered upon the functions of my new office.

'I was now placed in a very honourable but a very arduous situation. The committee having taken so decided a step as to propose a general election of members to represent the Catholic body throughout Ireland, was well aware that they would be exposed to attacks of all possible kinds, and they were not disappointed; they were prepared, however, to repel them, and the literary part of the warfare fell, of course, to my share. In reviewing the conduct of my predecessor, Richard Burke, I saw that the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgment, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding, at his pleasure, the measures of the committee. I therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in that respect; I seldom or never offered my opinion, unless it was called for, in the sub-committee, but contented myself with giving my sentiments without reserve in private, to the two men I most esteemed, and who had, in their respective capacities, the greatest influence on that body—I mean John Keogh, and Richard M'Cormick, secretary to the general committee. My discretion in this respect was not unobserved, and I very soon acquired, and I may say, without vanity, deserved the entire confidence and good opinion of the Catholics. The fact is, I was devoted most sincerely to their cause, and being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed every thing to insure their success, and they knew it. I am satisfied they looked upon me as a faithful and zealous advocate, neither to be intimidated nor corrupted, and in that respect they rendered me but justice. My circumstances were, at the time of my appointment, extremely embarrassed, and of course the salary annexed to my office was a considerable object with me. But though I had now an increasing family totally unprovided for, I can safely say that I would not have deserted my duty to the Catholics for the whole patronage of the government consolidated into one office, if offered me as the reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity, (for we had often been reduced, and were now well accustomed to difficulties), I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary; and especially if they have children, are ready to make all sacrifices to their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views. On every occasion of my life I consulted her; we had no secrets one from the other, and I unvaryingly found her think and act with energy and courage combined with

the greatest prudence and discretion. If ever I succeed in life, or arrive at any thing like station or eminence, I shall consider it as owing to her counsels and example. But to return. Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself but for the Catholic body, and consequently to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect, and to change without reluctance whatever the committee thought fit to alter, even in cases, where, perhaps, my own judgment was otherwise. And trifling as this circumstance may seem, I am sure it recommended me considerably to the committee, who had been, on former occasions, more than once embarrassed by the self-love of Richard Burke, and indeed even of some of their own body, men of considerable talents, who had written some excellent papers on their behalf, but who did not stand criticism as I did, without wincing. The fact is, I was so entirely devoted to their cause, that the idea of literary reputation as to myself never occurred to me; not that I am at all insensible on that score, but that the feeling was totally absorbed in superior considerations; and I think I may safely appeal to the sub-committee whether ever, on any occasion, they found me for a moment set up my vanity or self-love against their interests, or even their pleasure. I am sure that by my discretion on the points I have mentioned, which indeed was no more than my duty, I secured the esteem of the committee, and, consequently, an influence in their counsels, which I should justly have forfeited had I seemed too eager to assume it; and it is to the credit of both parties that, from the first moment of our connection to the last, neither my zeal and anxiety to serve them, nor the kindness and favour with which they received my efforts, were ever, for a single moment, suspended.

'Almost the first business I had to transact was to conduct a correspondence with Richard Burke, who was very desirous to return to Ireland once more, and to resume his former station, which the committee were determined he should not do. It was a matter of some difficulty to refuse without offending him, and I must say he pressed us rather forcibly; however, we parried him with as much address as we could, and after two or three long letters, to which the answers were very concise and civil, he found the business was desperate, and gave it up accordingly.'

In the arduous and perilous situation to which he had thus been called, he continued to act with a firmness and devotedness of spirit which do honour to his memory. His

bold and comprehensive genius was ever awake to all the circumstances of the cause he was engaged in, and when disappointment and peril appeared as the result of his labour, the ardour of patriotism remained in his bosom as fervent as in the hope and exultation of his earliest triumph:—

‘During the year,’ says his son, in one of the connecting sketches of the diary, ‘which followed the passing of the act of April, 1793, the storm did not yet burst, but it was lowering and thickening every hour with terrific and portentous gloom. Blood had not yet flowed, and the reign of torture had not yet commenced; but a noxious crowd of informers, from the faces of society, began to appear like the vermin and insects from the mud of Egypt, under the fostering patronage of the Castle; state prosecutions were multiplied beyond example; juries were packed and iniquitous judgments rendered; the soldiery were quartered on the disaffected districts, and indulged in every license; the affections of the people were alienated for ever, and their irritation increased to madness. It is not my intention to enter into the details of these odious transactions. Amongst the most marking events which indicated the increasing violence of all parties, and the approaching crisis of the storm, were the arrest, trial, and imprisonment of my father’s friends, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Simon Butler, and Oliver Bond. The declarations and speeches for which they were arrested, and those made on their trials, are in every history of the times and in every recollection. It is needless here to dwell upon or recapitulate them.

‘At length, in the month of April, 1794, William Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. This gentleman was sent by the French government to sound the people of Ireland as to their willingness to join the French, and had received his instructions from one Madgett, an old Irishman long settled in France in the office of the Department for Foreign Affairs, and whose name is repeatedly mentioned in my father’s journals. The sincerity of Jackson was fully demonstrated by his heroic death, but his imprudence and indiscretion rendered him totally unfit for such a mission. On his passage through England, he opened himself to an English attorney, Cockayne, an old acquaintance of his, who instantly sold his information to the British government, and was ordered by the police to follow him as an official spy. The leaders of the patriotic party and Catholics in Ireland, desirous as they were to open a communication with France, were unwilling to compromise themselves with a stranger, by answering directly to his overtures. My father undertook to run the risk, and even engaged himself to bear their answer to that country, and deliver to its government a statement of the wants and situation of Ireland. But, after some communications with Jackson, he was deeply disgusted by the rash and unlimited confidence which that unfortunate man seemed to repose in Cockayne. He made it a point never to open himself in his presence, and insisted on it with Jackson:—

“This business,” said he, “is one thing for us Irishmen; but an Englishman who engages in it must be a traitor one way or the other.” At length, on a glaring instance of Jackson’s indiscretion, he withdrew his offers, (taking care that it should be in the presence of Cockayne, who could testify nothing further against him), and declined engaging any longer in the business. Jackson was shortly after arrested.

‘This was an awful period of my father’s life. Although Cockayne could only give positive evidence against Jackson, the latter might undoubtedly have saved his life by giving information. The most violent suspicions were directed against my father, as being at least privy to these plots, if not engaged in them. Every night he expected to be arrested for examination before the Secret Committee. Several of the patriotic and Catholic leaders, most from attachment to him, some for fear of being compromised by his arrest, urged him to abscond, and many of those highly respectable and beloved friends, whom, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, his amiable character and social qualities had secured to him amongst the aristocracy and higher classes, joined in the same request, and pressed upon him the means necessary for that purpose. He constantly refused them. The great body of the Catholics behaved, on this occasion, with firmness and dignity, and showed a proper sense of gratitude for his former services. Several of the Whig leaders, (amongst whom I am sorry to include the honourable name of Grattan,) whose party he had mortally offended by refusing to engage in their service as a pamphleteer, advised them to abandon him to his fate, urging, How could their parliamentary friends support them whilst they retained in their service a man so obnoxious and so deeply compromised?’ They rejected all such overtures. I must, however, observe, that though my father had put himself forward in their cause on this occasion, most of their leaders were as deeply engaged as himself, and could neither in honour, in justice, nor in prudence, act otherwise—a circumstance of which Grattan was probably not aware.

‘During all this time he refused, much against the advice of his friends, to conceal himself; but remained generally at his home in the country, compiling his History of Ireland, and making occasional visits to Dublin, where he continued to act as secretary to the Catholic sub-committee. At length, by the most pressing instances with the government, his aristocratical friends succeeded in concluding an agreement, by which, on his engaging simply to leave Ireland as soon as he could settle his private affairs, no steps were to be taken against him. I cannot think that the most furious partisans of that government could blame those generous and disinterested efforts, (for these friends were opposed to him in politics), or that their names can suffer in the slightest degree by the publication of these facts. One of them, the Hon. Marcus Beresford, (the amiable and accomplished), is now no more; the other, the honourable and highly-minded

George Knox, will, I am sure, see with pleasure this homage to his virtues by his own god-son and the only surviving child of his departed friend.

‘As this compromise engaged him (and these true friends would never have proposed any other) to nothing contrary to his principles, and left his future course free, he accepted it; giving into them a fair and exact statement of how far and how deep he had been personally engaged in this business; and adding, that he was ready to bear the consequences of whatever he had done, but would, on no account, charge, compromise, or appear against any one else.’

In consequence of the events above related, he took leave of his friends and embarked for America, 11th of June, 1795. Having previously declared his intention of making his way to France, on the first opportunity, and imploring her aid in the deliverance of his country. This resolution, soon after his arrival in America, was fulfilled, and he again set sail, January 1st, 1796, for Havre-de-Grace. His wife and children were left behind at Princetown, and his frequent allusions to them in the journal he kept, during their separation, are sometimes exquisitely touching. Passing over his first movements, on his arrival in Paris, we hasten to give the amusing account of his first interview with Carnot:—

‘Went at twelve o’clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg; conning speeches, in execrable French, all the way. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, “whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter.” Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion; went into the first bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the Executive Directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the ante-chamber, which was filled with people; the officers of state all in their new costume. Wrote a line in English, and delivered it to one of the Huissiers, stating that a stranger, just arrived from America, wished to speak to Citizen Carnot, on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding-doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people that all who had business might present themselves, and Citizen Carnot appeared, in the petit-costume of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Vandyke. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the Huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot’s turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and said

he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and I began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wanted to have my will of Carnot; and while they were, in their turns, speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run! When I looked round, and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the Executive Directory, vis-à-vis Citizen Carnot, the "organizer of victory," I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion of my life. Why do I mention those trifling circumstances? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes, for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English.—"A little, sir; but I perceive you speak French, and if you please, we will converse in that language." I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been secretary and agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered, a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses, which was ascertained for purposes of revenue; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and which was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state, that all those people were unanimous in their sentiments in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then, "What they wanted?" I said, "An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they can organize themselves; and undoubtedly a supply of arms, and some money." I added, that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject to the minister of foreign relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew, better than could be done in conversation. He then said, "We shall see those memorials." The "organizer of victory" proceeded to ask me, "Are there not some strong places in Ireland?" I answered, I knew of none, except some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, exclaiming, "Ay, Cork! but may it not be necessary to land there?" By which question I perceived he had been organizing a little already, in his own mind.

I answered, I thought not. That if a landing in *force* were attempted, it would be better near the capital, for obvious reasons; if with a small army, it should be in the north rather than the south of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials. He then asked me, "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered it would not make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by the direction and concurrence of the men who, (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me,) *guided* the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly, that he attended to and understood me. I added, that I had presented myself, in August last, in Philadelphia, to Citizen Adet, and delivered to him such credentials as I had with me; that he did not, at that juncture, think it advisable for me to come in person, but offered to transmit a memorial, which I accordingly delivered to him. That about the end of November last, I received letters from my friends in Ireland, repeating their instructions in the strongest manner, that I should, if possible, force my way to France, and lay the situation of Ireland before its government. That, in consequence, I had again waited on Citizen Adet, who seemed eager to assist me, and offered me a letter to the Directoire Executif, which I accepted with gratitude. That I sailed from America in the very first vessel, and had arrived about a fortnight; that I had delivered my letter to the minister for foreign affairs, who had ordered me to explain myself without reserve to Citizen Madgett, which I had accordingly done. That by his advice I had prepared and delivered one memorial on the actual state of Ireland, and was then at work on another, which would comprise the whole of the subject. That I had the highest respect for the minister; and that as to Madgett, I had no reason whatsoever to doubt him; but, nevertheless, must be permitted to say, that in my mind, it was a business of too great importance to be transacted with a mere Commis. That I should not think I had discharged my duty, either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted, which might draw the attention of the Directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in my two memorials. That I should also presume to request, that, if any doubt or difficulty rose in his mind on any of those facts, he would have the goodness to permit me to explain. I concluded by saying, that I looked upon it as a favourable omen, that I had been allowed to communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spoken. He shook his head and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so; and, as a proof, told him that, in Ireland, we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English; at which he did not seem displeased. I then

rose, and, after the usual apologies, took my leave; but I had not cleared the antechamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, *who*, but merely *what* I was; I was therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry, demanding my card; but from this dilemma, I was extricated by my lover the Huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him that, in fact, I had just now two names, my real one and that under which I travelled and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name "James Smith, citoyen Americain," and under it, Theobald Wolfe Tone, which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and, looking over it, said, "Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone!" with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me, in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him; to which he answered, "By all means!" and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the Executive Directory of France, in the person of Citizen Carnot, the "Organizer of Victory."

We shall follow the fortunes of this great but ill-fated man to their close in our next number.

Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 886. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

WALES, though almost as fertile as Scotland in romantic, and exceeding it, perhaps, in beautiful scenery, is not, after all, to be compared with her as affording materials for romance. Much of its traditional poetry is exquisitely beautiful, and the customs of its inhabitants fitted in the highest degree for picturesque description; but there are circumstances which lessen considerably the advantages it is supposed to present for the scenes of fictitious narrative. Wales is not independent enough in its localities to afford much room for diversified adventure; its people have been too long in a dependent state to be characterized by strong national peculiarities, and the portion of its history which comes into the range of a modern writer or of modern curiosity possesses few or none of those awfully told tales in which the annals of Scotland are so fruitful. A writer, therefore, who would create an interest in Welsh manners or scenery will very rarely succeed by attempting the higher walks of romantic narrative. He must be content to make the most of the pastoral simplicity of the people, of the natural romance and strange incident which wild and lonely scenes are ever producing, and of that perfect freedom from the artificial trammels of legalized affectation which makes

him true to nature even in the most powerful of his details. While he pursues this plan, the Welsh novelist has abundant materials before him for tales of considerable interest. The sweet unalloyed sympathies of human feeling, the loveliest revealings of nature in her lonely glens and mountain fastnesses, the hum of the far off world, which, not loud enough to destroy the tranquillity of solitude, adds to its quietness and repose; all these afford him combinations of the fairest and most deeply interesting objects, and it only requires a keen sense of the picturesque, a kind heart, and a careful avoidance of too much romance to make a tale founded on Welsh manners a highly interesting composition. Almost all attempts we have hitherto seen of this kind have been failures. So far as they pretended to be characteristic of the people, they might as well have been applied to one country as another; and in the narrative parts we have generally seen a foolish and extravagant attempt to interest the wonder-loving multitude by making a wonder out of nothing. The Welsh peasantry have, in fact, nothing romantic about them: they are a simple hard-faring race, and when they are wandering about their mountains, or have taken it into their heads to turn smugglers, may be as romantic and as desperate as any other set of people in the same situation; but the moment they are dressed up as heroes, or sent Quixoting after adventures, we cannot for the world help remembering the nursery song—

'Taffy was a Welshman, &c.'

Turning, however, to the tales before us, we have been gratified with a considerable display of ability in their composition; and as they present us with much interesting matter, we shall proceed to give our readers a specimen of the author's style. Our first extract is from 'The Youth of Edward Ellis.'

'I was born at nine o'clock in the morning—I love to be particular—on the 6th of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty one, at the foot of one of those green hills which bound the river Mowthach, in the north-western part of Merionethshire; and just three miles and a furlong from the little quarrelsome scandal-loving town of D—. My father was a small landed proprietor, with an income of about five hundred per annum, which, in those days, and in that secluded country, was more than sufficient to procure all the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life: in fact, it elevated him high above the majority of the neighbouring gentry, and procured for him, in the wild district where he dwelt, the notable name of "the squire." This title, indeed, together with the old, clumsy, weather-beaten family-mansion, had been hereditary in the family from the time of my great and valiant ancestor, Griffith ab Meredith Mawr, or Gitto the Wolf, as he was usually denominated. This worthy was a mighty man enough in his day: he had served in the battle of Agincourt, as an esquire to a Welsh knight; and it was my father's especial delight—honest man—to descant, with all the fervency of a Cambro-Briton, upon the heroic exploits of this said Griffith; which exploits,

by the way, consisted chiefly in stealing his neighbours' cattle, and then compounding coolly for their restitution. For my part, I never cared much about the glory and renown of my ancestors; and, although several experienced genealogists—among which I may reckon three bards, David Homfray, the hereditary blacksmith of D—, and no less than three antiquarian clergymen,—have traced my pedigree up to Griffith ab Cynan, Prince of Wales, and founder of the five royal tribes, the honour of a royal lineage has never impressed me with any very stupendous notions of my own importance. This, however, was not my father's fault, for he—good easy man—gloried exceedingly in the distinction.

'I was the eldest, and the only child, and miraculous, saith the good gossip Tradition, was the festivity which ushered in my birth.'

'When I had reached my fourteenth year my mother died, and my young heart, estranged as it might seem to have been from all love and duty, felt a severe pang at the loss. It is not easy by excess of kindness to annihilate every tie of filial affection: some latent sparks must still remain ready to rise into a flame at any fitting opportunity; and he must have a hardened heart, indeed, who does not feel some yearning love for the fond mother who nurtured him in infancy with care and tenderness. It is at a later period than childhood that the bitter fruits of injudicious indulgence are experienced; when the disposition, fraught with all the imperfections and weaknesses of human nature, and unrestrained and pampered to excess, arrives at that maturity of vice and folly, which is too often the result of parental neglect and imbecility. The frailties of our nature are too numerous and powerful to need such fostering. Like rank and unwholesome weeds, they will flourish luxuriantly without cultivation, and when they are once rooted in a generous and congenial soil, it will require no inconsiderable labour and ingenuity to eradicate them.

'I was, indeed, grieved, deeply grieved, at the death of my mother. Even now her parting words ring in my ears, and her placid features still live in my memory. I might, perchance, have benefited by her death-bed admonitions, had not certain circumstances, over which I had no control, occurred, which altogether frustrated the salutary effects which might have been produced, and which otherwise considerably influenced my motives and actions. What these circumstances were, I will proceed forthwith to relate, as they constituted the exciting cause, or mainspring, of all my subsequent proceedings.

'As my father's mansion, which was yeleft Bôdivan, or Evan's Abode, in honour of some far remote ancestor, was situated somewhat more than three miles from the town of D—; and as my father himself was a man of very quiet habits, the society which he sought was limited to two or three families in his own immediate neighbourhood. The principal of these was that of the kinsman already mentioned, Sir Edward Morgan, which consisted of the worthy baronet, his equally worthy lady, two sons and a daughter. With these we were always upon the most friendly

terms; so much so, indeed, that the greater portion of my boyhood, and a happy time I had of it, was spent at Caermynach, which was only about a mile from our own house. On the road thither was the neat cottage of the Misses Corbet, two elderly maiden ladies, whose individual dispositions were as diametrically opposite as it was well possible for two individual dispositions to be. Miss Corbet was a perfect dragon, eternally at war with every one, and never happy or contented, but when in the exercise of her mean and malicious propensities. She was the very antipodes of female fascination; and it seemed as if nature, when it moulded the disposition of Mabel Corbet, had indulged herself in one of those mischievous freaks with which she delights occasionally to torment mankind.'

To the gentle Mabel, Edward's father resigned his liberty. Our hero was, at the time of the marriage, staying at the seat of Sir Edward Morgan, at Caermynach, a distant relation of his father's. It was here he found his first love; and the fair Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Edward, was the star of his future destinies. Some jealousy, however, occurring between them a little after, he leaves his house in disgust, commences wanderer, meets with a variety of adventures, which he relates, and at last returns, and weds his still faithful Elizabeth. We shall give one or two of his adventures. The following is an account of his departure:—

'It was a most lovely night. A bright summer moon shed her mild lustre over the rocks and woods around me; and, instead of feeling melancholy and dismayed as I wandered among the wild and silent hills, I experienced a sensation of buoyant exultation, as I thought upon my unshackled condition. I was now independent, free as the air which fanned my feverish temples, and master of my own movements in every respect; and, without once reflecting upon my helplessness, so far as regarded any method of procuring subsistence, I ran on in the moonlight with a light heart, and with a brain that throbbed under the influence of that unnatural excitement which had impelled me to play the truant. I was now released from my thralldom; and in that alone there was abundance of happiness. The path which I followed led up into what may be properly termed the highlands of Merionethshire; and a long extent of uncultivated hills, covered for the most part with gorse and heather, with occasional peat bogs, lay spread out before me in the moonlight, while their more distant recesses were composed of fertile and well-wooded valleys, chiefly inhabited by small farmers. As I gazed upon the undulating summits of the distant hills, high above which towered the gloomy cliffs of Cader Idris, I felt a powerful inclination to hide myself among their dim recesses, and so to provide most effectually against all chances of discovery. I hastened onward, therefore, without any delay, save such as was caused by occasionally bathing my temples in some cool mountain streamlet, or by stopping to gather a few of the bilberries which grew in such abundance around me. At length I

reached the base of the first mountain of the chain, but not till the grey light of morning began to dawn in the east, nor before my inward man gave sundry potent tokens of a want of refreshment and support. These I expected to procure in some of the neighbouring valleys; and, after resting a short time by the side of a bubbling spring, I recommenced my journey, and speedily gained the smooth summit of the mountain.

'I had never wandered so far in this direction before, and the scene was entirely new to me. At the foot of the mountain which I was traversing was a narrow and beautiful valley, plentifully covered with wood, and watered by a river, which meandered through its centre. The sides of the hills, which sheltered it on the north, were also well wooded, while those in an opposite direction were cultivated, and loaded with corn. Here and there might be seen the white walls of a sequestered cottage, affording habitation to some humble farmer, whose ideas of worldly bustle and magnificence extended not beyond the comparatively simple manners of the nearest market town; and I soon began to discover signs of animation and industry among the peasantry. First, the white smoke rose high into the clouds, giving intimation that the careful housewife was busy within; then came the lowing of the cattle, borne on the mountain breeze; and ever and anon the sharp bark of the sheep dog, with the triumphant crowing of the crested cock, as he replied, in proud defiance, to the challenge of some distant rival. These were symptoms which gladdened my hungry soul; and I commenced my descent into the valley with an alacrity which the abruptness of the wooded declivity ought to have rendered somewhat less precipitate. But a hungry man is hard to reason with, much less to reason with himself, when he imagines that *cud* or pottage are in his way. And such precisely was my case; for I skipped along the mazes of this alpine forest with the utmost speed and agility, notwithstanding the innumerable crags and precipices which opposed my progress; and which were rendered infinitely more perilous and provoking by the thick brushwood which grew over them in the most profuse luxuriance.

'I had succeeded in getting about half way down the declivity, when I found myself upon the brink of a precipice, which overlooked a small and shady glen; while immediately under the spot where I stood was a hut, rather than a cottage, rudely constructed of stone, and thatched with straw. The situation was one of the most perfect seclusion; but there was an air of deep and dismal solitude around it, enlivened by nothing, save a small patch of garden ground, and a few wild plum trees. I should mention, however, that there were in this little garden about a dozen bee-hives, each containing its swarm; and a strange object they were in that wild seclusion, where nature was unmolested by the art of man, save in the instance of the hut and the garden. It was a spot which, with a little labour, might have been made as cheerful as it was now gloomy; but the strange being who dwelt here was one to

whom cheerfulness was pain, and mirth a source of sad disquietude. I stood for a while gazing at the scene before me, and the smoke of the hut reached me where I stood, towering above the trees in thick and black masses, and diffusing, as it rose, a noisome and sulphureous stench. I hesitated which way to proceed. It was quite as easy for me to clamber by the end of the hut as to follow the precipitous and narrow path, which wound among the trees to the glade beneath; and as it was an object to me to gain some cottage, however rude, with the loss of as little time as possible, I determined to force my way through the thick brushwood, and so effect a lodgment by the gable end of the building. I was an experienced cragsman, and could climb like a squirrel. Dashing, then, at once, into the bushes, I began my descent into the glen, and, throwing myself from bough to bough, speedily approached the smooth green surface of the valley. I had got within a few yards of the bottom, when, trusting too much to a young hazel-bush, I pulled up my support by the roots, and went tumbling headlong into the little garden already mentioned, making sad havoc among a bed of peas in full blossom.' * * *

'Scrambling up again, however, with as much alacrity as I could, I soon re-established myself upon my legs, and was hastening towards the hut, when I espied a figure, which struck me with no inconsiderable portion of alarm; for, near the bee-hives, which I have already mentioned, sat an old and withered woman, fantastically dressed in attire which might once have been costly. On her head was a huge bonnet, curiously bedecked with a great profusion of many-coloured ribands: her gown, or whatever else it might be called, was of figured silk, sadly and sorely faded; and in her hand she held a distaff, attached to a spindle. She neither moved nor spoke, till I approached very near; and then, without altering her posture, or exhibiting a single symptom of surprise, she addressed me with "Well, Sir Truant! this is a fair morning for a ramble over hill and dale: but you would have been more welcome *here* if the devil had not tempted you to frisk over my goodly grey peas."

"Good mother!" said I, meekly, and with great deference.

"Call not *me* good," interrupted she. "Good mother, truly! Go ask the peasant in the valley how *good* I am, and he will tell thee, that I am an imp of Beelzebub, and no earthly being: that I bewitch his cattle; curdle his cream; blight his corn; and sour his ale. Mother, too! Yes, yes, I *am* a mother; but cursed be the hour when I became one!" She gnashed her teeth as she said this, turned her spindle about with great celerity, and looked like any thing but a Christian creature. As for myself, I was quite thunder-struck with her rhapsody; and began to have my own misgivings as to the corporeal condition of my companion. There I was, however, and there I intended to remain till I could procure something to satisfy the cravings of an appetite which was every moment becoming more rapacious. "Mother," said I again, after the whirlwind

of her rage and fury had somewhat subsided; "Mother, I have walked far, and without food: give me something to eat, and I will make you any recompense you wish."

"Eat!" echoed the hag, in a voice in no way remarkable for its melody. "Must you leave the dainty chambers of your own home to come and eat with *me*?" She rose as she spoke; and, looking at me with an expression which seemed but awkwardly to suit her strange visnomy,—for it was an expression of compassionate regard,—said, "Edward Ellis!—Nay, start not because I know your name. Why have you left your home and your aged father? But go in;" and she waved her distaff with the air of an empress. "Enter the humble shed of a miserable woman, and satisfy your appetite. Enter, and I will follow." I went, therefore, "tarrying no further question;" and after divers encounters with stools, tubs, and other obstacles, with which a narrow dark passage seemed filled, I found myself in the principal apartment of the hut. A fire of turf and cord-wood was blazing brightly up the huge tunnel of a chimney, and over its blaze, suspended by a long pot-hook, hung an iron kettle, the contents of which were sending up volumes of savoury steam, to mingle with the denser smoke of the fire. I was not a little surprised to find the interior of this rude and wretched-looking habitation so comfortably furnished. A neat and well-polished oaken dresser extended along nearly the whole of one side of the apartment, and its shelves displayed two lengthened rows of shining pewter plates and dishes. In one corner was a clock, bearing on its dial-plate the inscription, "Richards, maker, Dolgelly."—This Richards, by the way, let me observe, was one of the most ingenious self-taught mechanics that ever lived, and would have done great honour to the Mechanics' Institution, lately established in London. But a predilection for Lowrie Pugh's *curru*, and for the company of certain choice spirits, who met nightly at the Raven and Pitcher, at Dolgelly, had eventually such an effect upon his brain, that, unable at length to bear the stimulating exhilaration of such repeated and increased potations,—for he would make nothing of drinking you his five or six quarts at a sitting,—one night, in a paroxysm of intemperate frenzy, he threw himself into the river, and perished like a true genius as he was. Pardon this digression, reader, in honour of a sixteenth cousin, whose clocks, among connoisseurs of such articles, have become extremely valuable.—Besides the dresser and clock, there was a very neat oak table, with several excellent chairs, and a large and sumptuously carved settle, which flanked the fire-place on one side, and superseded the use of a sofa. Every thing, in short, betokened comfort; ill assorting with the uncouth, fantastical, and slovenly appearance of the mistress. The room occupied the whole front of the dwelling, and behind was an apartment, not quite so wide, which was the bed-chamber of mine hostess.

'I had sat myself down on the settle, and was contemplating the ebullition of the pottage on the fire, with that exquisite compla-

cency which is common to a hungry man, as he regards the preparations for his next meal, when the old woman entered, and, without speaking, proceeded to ascertain how matters were going on in the iron kettle aforesaid. A very slight examination served to show her experienced eye that its contents were ready for consumption; and, drawing the little oak table near the settle, she commenced operations for breakfast. First a white diaper cloth was unfolded, then came a loaf of brown bread, some butter, honey, and milk, two basins, and, to my astonishment, the same number of silver spoons. These being duly arranged, I was roused from the very pleasing reverie into which such indications of hospitality had plunged me, by the old lady's voice, with which she thus addressed me:—"The arm of the young is stronger and more active than the withered wrist of age; lift ye the kettle from the fire, that we may breakfast. Thine eye betokeneth a brisk appetite, I trow."

"Aye, mother," I replied, as I obeyed her mandate; "and you will find it no liar, I promise you. The savoury smell of your pottage has sharpened hunger, that could already have feasted upon the carcass of a fox."

"Eat, then, and be satisfied," she rejoined, as she placed before me a basin of the pottage, which my olfactory organs had already so cogently admired. "Eat, for it may be long before you shall get another belly-full." I obeyed her injunctions with all possible alacrity; and before I had finished my meal, gave good proof of my hearty appetite.

He next becomes engaged with smugglers, and narrowly escapes hanging. The account of their capture is well told:—

"I listened, and heard a tumultuous noise, as of a large body of men advancing, whose shouts and wild halloos became every instant more distinctly audible. At the same instant those members of the band, who were in and about the place, rushed confusedly into the principal area of the building, gathered round their leader, who stood with more of rage than alarm on his flushed features, holding in one hand a drawn cutlass, and in the other a large horseman's pistol. Marion and I had advanced to the entrance of the ruined chamber which I had occupied, and we saw very distinctly all that was going forward, as the strong red light of the pine torches cast its lurid and fitful glare on the wild forms of the marauders. It appears that this attack was expected by the band; but, trusting too much to the security—natural as well as artificial—of their strong hold, they were now taken by surprise, with no hope of escape. They never calculated that the revenue officers would attempt an ingress by any other road than that which led to the river's brink; and to that point, consequently, they had directed their chief powers of defence; when, therefore, they discovered a numerous body of men advancing rapidly by the path already mentioned, as leading by the banks of the river, on the same side as the building itself, and when they found them already within pistol-shot of their lair, all they were enabled to do was to muster immediately, and defend

that lair in the best and boldest way they could;—a determination in which they were all desperately unanimous, and they buzzed about their chief like a nest of hornets, which had been disturbed in its swarming.

"In the midst of this confusion, the rock which rose behind the old mansion became thickly covered with armed men; among whom I could descry several soldiers, all of course well accoutred and stoutly armed. The night was now so far advanced as to have become quite dark, the moon having long since sunk beneath the blue mountains in the south;—but the glaring red light of the torches, which both parties displayed, was more than sufficient for the work of slaughter which was meditated.

"Marion and myself, as you may suppose, reader, were painfully watchful of the operations of the assailants; and presently we saw two or three of the principal men among them gather together, and, as it seemed, deliberate on the best mode of further proceeding. After a brief consultation, one of them came forward as if to address the marauders, while his comrades formed into something like a regular line, flanked on each side by about half a dozen soldiers. Seeing this, Kenric advanced also, for the purpose of receiving any communication which the other might make.

"We come,"—said the officer, after a preliminary hem or two—"We come to apprehend Kenric Morrison and six other men, (here he mentioned their names,) all guilty of divers felonious acts and deeds; and we are hereby authorised to offer a free pardon to all other of his comrades and accomplices, the aforesaid offenders alone excepted."

"My good friend," replied Kenric, in the impudent tone of a bravo, "go and tell them that sent ye here, that Kenric Morrison and his gallant comrades mean yet to run many a brandy keg, and cheat many a gauger, before they put themselves into your hands; and they take it very uncivil in ye to disturb their night's rest in this way."

"Kenric's men accompanied this defiance with a yell of scornful ridicule, and the men on the rock pressed forward, as if in expectation of being speedily ordered to fall to.

"I speak not to you, sir," returned the officer, "for you are beyond the reach of all pardon whatsoever; but to those poor, ignorant, and deluded fellows I again repeat—"

"Speak but another word," roared Kenric, raising his pistol as he spoke, "and your tongue shall never utter another."

"Come, come, sir!" said another of the party, now stepping forward, and whom I instantly recognised as the sheriff-depute for the county; "we come not here to hold conference with a vagabond like you, but to take you and your six accomplices, already named, into safe and instant custody. Soldiers, come forward! You see, sir, we are prepared for force, if fair means avail not." The soldiers advanced accordingly to the edge of the rock, and remained waiting further commands with the orderly indifference of their calling.

"There is something in the voice of real authority which carries an irresistible effect

over the minds of those to whom it is applied; and even Kenric, with all his profligate boldness, quailed at the authoritative tone of the sheriff-depute. Some of his men, also, began to show symptoms of a very craven disposition; but the returning courage of their chief inspired them with fresh desperation. "I know not whom you may be, sir," he said to the last speaker, "and I care not; but this I do know, that you will share the fate of the fools you have brought with you, if you do not instantly retire. The rock on which you stand waits but my word to be blown into a thousand pieces!"

"Another shout, wilder and louder than the last, rose up into the dark sky at this sanguinary threat; and the assailed began to make preparations for something like a conflict.

"Insolent braggart!" exclaimed the sheriff-depute, as soon as the noise had subsided, "dare you beard me thus? Soldiers, make ready—present!" and twelve muskets were pointed at the undaunted Kenric and his band. "Will you compel me to use these means?" continued the sheriff-depute, appealing rather to the men than to Kenric. "Once more, let me repeat a promise of pardon to all who will—"

"I give you fair warning, sir," said Kenric.

"To all who will instantly surrender themselves—"

"Then your blood be upon your own head!" shouted the outlaw, as, with a deliberate aim, he discharged his pistol at the speaker; which, however, only slightly wounded the person whom it was intended to kill.

"The soldiers no sooner saw the flash of Kenric's pistol, than they poured in a volley upon the band, and with far more fatal result, for the first person whom I saw bleeding on the ground was Marion herself. During the whole of the colloquy between Kenric and the sheriff-depute, she was painfully attentive to every syllable that was uttered; and no sooner had Kenric fired, than, with the swiftness of lightning, she rushed towards him, and, throwing herself before him, received in her own bosom the balls which were destined for her lover.

"The scene now became wildly tumultuous, for a general conflict took place, in which the most savage feelings of revenge and desperation actuated the offenders to deeds of demoniac destruction. Kenric, who escaped from the first fire with only a slight wound in the side, was seen every where, commanding, directing, and urging his men to the contest; and it was only when the first uproar of the onset had somewhat subsided, that the mine under the rock was thought of. Kenric saw that their situation was hopeless, and that if they escaped death now, it was only to suffer a more ignominious doom hereafter; and some such conviction seemed to occupy the minds of his comrades, for no sooner had he ordered the mine to be sprung, than several persons pushed forward to fire the train.

"At this terrible moment I happened to be standing near Kenric, for I had rushed to—

wards the spot where Marion lay bleeding, for the purpose of bearing her to a place of greater quietude, if not of greater security; and I had taken up the dying girl in my arms, when the mandate was given. Imminent as I knew the danger to be, if I remained where I then was, I could not help pausing to gaze upon the man who had issued this sanguinary signal. He stood still beside me, and I observed that his clothes were copiously stained with blood, and that they were singed in several places, either by the flame of the torches or the flash of the fire-arms. When the men rushed forward to fire the train, his eye followed their movements with such a look as that with which a hawk looks at his prey ere he pounces; and observing them at fault with regard to the precise spot where the train commenced, he rushed forwards, snatched a torch out of the hand of one of the men, and applied it to the gunpowder as steadily and as firmly as if he had been merely pushing off one of his own smuggling boats from the beach. The train had in some way or other become wetted—it might have been with the blood that was spilt—and it did not communicate so rapidly with the mine as was expected. It was well for me that it did not, for I heard the fire hissing as it ran along the ground, and I had scarcely laid my fainting burden on the heather bed on which I had recently slept, before the explosion took place.

'The tremendous crash now rings in my ear, and the red glare by which it was preceded flashes in my eye. As soon as the first burst was over, I instinctively hastened to look upon the combatants; and the first object which I saw was an immense fragment of the blasted rock descending, as it were, from the clouds into the principal area of the old building, and down it came with a force which sent it several inches into the earth. Only one man was crushed beneath it, and as it would have required more than mortal strength to have extricated his mangled remains, he was left there to become amalgamated in time with the dust to which we must all return.'

After this, our hero becomes a servant man, and almost falls in love again; his character is, however, discovered, and he soon returns to his home, where he, in a little time, marries the object of his long and first attachment.

A Collection of Papers relating to the Thames Quay; with Hints for some further Improvements in the Metropolis. By COL. TRENCH, M.P. With seventeen explanatory Plates. 4to. pp. 176. London. Carpenter and Son.

As the greater part of this volume has been already before our readers, in the different public journals, we shall, at present, content ourselves with extracting the colonel's observations on the subject of a royal palace; deferring our consideration of the more important object of his work, the construction of a quay on the north bank of the Thames, to another opportunity. The improvements suggested in this work are certainly magnificent, and, so far as they may be the natural

result of public wealth, and not the projects of a taste too luxurious for the state of the people, we shall rejoice in their success:—

'I enter upon the subject of a palace for the sovereign of the British empire, in the firm belief that even, at this particular moment, the great mass of the people would most willingly contribute towards its erection, provided it were made, (as it ought to be,) second to no palace in the world.

'I do not think it worth while to attempt to conciliate the opinions of those who would measure the accommodation of the monarch by their own narrow tradesman-like views; but I avow myself to be an advocate for the splendour and magnificence of the crown, not only from reverence and respect for our beloved monarch, but because I conceive it to be of essential importance to the dignity of a great and free people.

'The King's palace should be an object of pride to the nation, and of admiration to strangers. For such a purpose, expenditure should be considered as circulation; and, indeed, it is quite clear, that, in periods of difficulty, the most judicious way of relieving distress is by giving employment to industrious labour. We have heard many sneers about digging holes to fill them up again: the illustration may not be well chosen, but I conceive it to mean precisely this;—that the expenditure of public money for labour is judicious, of good example, and beneficial consequence; nor can funds be better disposed of, than in the encouragement of British artists, and the employment of British industry; in great public works, in making roads, building churches, hospitals, bridges, aqueducts, temples; and when all other objects of patriotic liberality are exhausted, then the Parliament and the people of the British empire may at length recollect, that of all the monarchs of Europe, none is so miserably accommodated as the King of the most powerful and wealthy nation in the world.

'I could name fifty noblemen and gentlemen much better lodged than their sovereign; and I think that this fact is highly discreditable to the country, while it reflects the greatest honour upon a forbearing and disinterested monarch.

'The son and heir of George III., in the intercourse of social life, displayed the high and noble attributes of a prince; and, in ascending the throne, he has retained all the qualities and feelings of a liberal and accomplished English gentleman: but surely the nation ought not to take advantage either of the moderation of his wishes, or his kind consideration for his people, for the purpose of keeping him in a state which approaches almost to degradation, when compared with the splendid accommodation of the other sovereigns of Europe.

'It is pretty generally admitted, that a palace, suited to our beloved sovereign, and befitting a great nation, ought to have been built long ago by Parliamentary grant; and I am of opinion that, even at the present moment, public money could not be better disposed of.

'In discussions on this subject in 1824 and 1825, statesmen of all parties in the House

of Commons have admitted, that the day might come when a million or a million and a half ought to be employed in the attainment of this object.

'Now, in truth, a sum of 800,000*l.* would realize the most splendid speculation; and I think I can produce a list of probable voluntary contributors, including the whole extent of his Majesty's foreign possessions, which will convince the most incredulous, that the whole sum required to build a palace, worthy of a British King and people, may be raised without applying to Parliament for one guinea.

'I feel inclined to prefer this course, not because a palace ought not to be built by a Parliamentary grant, but because I feel that this mode of effecting the object would be a thousand times more gratifying to those who would give, and to him who would receive.

'1st Let the principle be admitted; and then, if means can be found as I have suggested, there can be no objection made on the ground of economy.

'The public-spirited and enlightened capitals of the sister kingdoms, it may fairly be presumed, will vie with each other in efforts to promote the same noble object, and would be emulated and followed by the opulent and enterprising cities and towns, and by public bodies and institutions of every description.

'In his Majesty's foreign possessions, in the east and west, a plan of contribution might easily be carried into effect under the auspices of the respective governors.

'Figures in basso relievo, emblematic of our eastern and western empire, the arms of the various cities and towns contributing, and the achievements of the nation in arms, in science, and in arts, might be introduced among the sculptured ornaments on the exterior walls, and be so disposed as to add greatly to their beauty.

'And, as a glorious proof, in all time to come, of the liberality, public spirit, refined taste, and affectionate loyalty of the nation to their sovereign, let the following inscription blaze in letters of Mosaic gold on the frieze of the principal portico,—"The People of the British Empire to George the Fourth."

'A palace befitting the crown of these realms, is for the dignity of the people, still more than for the gratification of the monarch; and although his Majesty's wishes may be as moderate as those of any private gentleman of good taste, still it is suitable to the liberal character and opulence of the nation, that its monarch should have the means, not only of receiving his subjects, but of accommodating, with becoming convenience and hospitality, such foreign princes as may visit the court of England. It cannot be forgotten, how miserably the crowned heads, who visited this metropolis in 1815, were lodged; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the debate on the 16th of June, 1825, distinctly states his opinion that "the King should possess a palace affording accommodation, not only for himself, but for the different branches of the royal family, the ambassadors, and the great officers of state." Again he says, "After Buckingham House is made fit for the reception of his

Majesty, supposing a royal palace to be afterwards erected, the present building would not be lost to the country. It was not an improbable thing that we might have a queen-dowager or an heir-apparent, each of whom would require a residence." I perfectly agree in every word uttered by this liberal and enlightened statesman.

"I shall now proceed to insert a quotation from the pamphlet of a member of Parliament, entitled *Considerations upon the Expediency of Building a Metropolitan Palace, dedicated to George the Fourth*: to this I shall add a Letter, which I was induced to publish in reply to that pamphlet; and having laid before the public a plan which I have had reduced from Carey's large plan of London, and which will clearly show the position of the proposed palace, I shall then leave this interesting subject to public opinion and to national feeling.

"The designs and plans for the palace itself, which have been made by Messrs. Benjamin and Philip Wyatt, I abstain from giving to the public at present. The comparative merits of plans and elevations are of secondary importance, and I do not wish to lead away public attention from the great question by provoking criticisms upon details; thus much, however, I will venture to assert, that the designs and plans will do no discredit to the able and ingenious architects of York House, by whom they have been constructed; and I hope the day may speedily arrive when the public opinion may justify and demand their production."

"I quite agree in the opinion expressed in a letter, printed in April, 1826, upon this subject, by Mr. Rosson, a gentleman of the English bar, who says, "The palace in St. James's Park may, at some future period, be a very fit dwelling for a queen-dowager, or the heir-apparent on his marriage; but when its limited capabilities of site, and incurable proximity to small dwelling-houses and other mean buildings, are taken into the scale,—though it may meet the immediate wants of the crown, the nation can never be brought to consider it as a suitable residence for the Kings of the British Islands."

"In taking my leave of this subject, I will recapitulate some of the circumstances which I think favourable to such a plan:—

"1st. A residence suitable to the dignity of the monarch of these realms.

"2nd. Beauty and magnificence, to attract the admiration of strangers.

"3rd. Employment of British capital for British objects.

"4th. The encouragement of the arts, and of British artists.

"5th. The employment of labour of every description, and the creating in the breast even of the poorest man in the empire an interest in the splendour and dignity of the crown."

We purpose, in our next number, offering some general remarks on the different plans suggested by our author; giving him, in the mean time, the credit so justly due to him for a degree of taste and honourable exertion highly creditable to their possessor.

BOWRING'S SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.

(Continued from p. 197.)

WE now quote the affecting poem to which we alluded in No. 411 of *The Literary Chronicle*, only premising, that a translation of the same, by Grimm, is to be found in the second part of the fifth volume of the *Kunst and Alterthum*, page 24. Goethe observes that it is equally remarkable for its polish and for its barbarously superstitious sentiment. We think the illustrious critic might have spoken of its pathos as well as its polish, and even then have been too sparing of his praise. A picture more natural or more complete we have rarely contemplated. "A young woman," observes Mr Bowring, "is immured, in order that the fortress of Scutari may be built; and the sacrifice seems less accountable, since oriental usages have generally only required the entombment of consecrated pictures or talismans, in order to make castles or asylums impregnable."

"THE BUILDING OF SKADRA."

"Brothers three combined to build a fortress,
Brothers three, the brothers Mrljavchevich,
Kral Vukashin was the eldest brother;
And the second was Uglesha-Voivode;
And the third, the youngest brother, Goiko.
Full three years they laboured at the fortress,
Skadra's fortress on Bojana's river;
Full three years three hundred workmen laboured.

Vain th' attempt to fix the wall's foundation,
Vainer still to elevate the fortress:
Whatsoever at eve had raised the workmen
Did the Vila raze ere dawn of morning.

"When the fourth year had begun its labours,
Lo! the Vila from the forest-mountain
Called—"Thou King Vukashin! vain thine efforts!"

Vain thine efforts—all thy treasures wasting!
Never, never wilt thou build the fortress,
If thou find not two same-titled beings,
If thou find not Stojan and Stojana: [ing,
And these two—these two young twins so lov-
They must be immured in the foundation.
Thus alone will the foundation serve thee:
Thus alone can ye erect your fortress."

"When Vukashin heard the Vila's language,
Soon he called to Dessimir, his servant:
"Listen, Dessimir, my trusty servant!
Thou hast been my trusty servant ever;
Thou shalt be my son from this day onward.
Fasten thou my coursers to my chariot:
Load it with six lasts of golden treasures:
Travel through the whole wide world, and
bring me,

Bring me back those two same-titled beings:
Bring me back that pair of twins so loving:
Bring me hither Stojan and Stojana: [them.
Steal them, if with gold thou canst not buy
Bring them here to Scadra or Bojana:
We'll inter them in the wall's foundation:
So the wall's foundations will be strengthened:
So we shall build up our Scadra's fortress."

Dessimir obey'd his master's mandate;
Fastened, straight, the horses to the chariot;
Filled it with six lasts of golden treasures;
Through the whole wide world the trusty servant [ings—
Wandered—asking for these same-named be-

For the twins—for Stojan and Stojana:
Full three years he sought them,—sought them vainly:

Nowhere could he find these same-named be-
Nowhere found he Stojan and Stojana. [ings.

Then he hastened homewards to his master;
Gave the king his horses and his chariot;
Gave him his six lasts of golden treasures:
"Here, my sov'reign, are thy steeds and chariot:

Here thou hast thy lasts of golden treasures:
Nowhere could I find those same-named beings:
Nowhere found I Stojan and Stojana."

"When Vukashin had dismissed his servant,
Straight he called his builder, master Rado.
Rado called on his three hundred workmen;
And they built up Scadra on Bojana;
But, at even did the Vila raze it:
Vainly did they raise the wall's foundation;
Vainly seek to build up Scadra's fortress.
And the Vila, from the mountain-forest,
Cried, "Vukashin, listen! listen to me!
Thou dost spill thy wealth, and waste thy labour:

Vainly seekest to fix the wall's foundations;
Vainly seekest to elevate the fortress.
Listen now to me! Ye are three brothers:
Each a faithful wife at home possesses:—
Her who comes to-morrow to Bojana,
Her who brings the rations to the workmen—
Her immure within the wall's foundations:—
So shall the foundations fix them firmly:
So shalt thou erect Bojana's fortress."

"When the king Vukashin heard the Vila,
Both his brothers speedily he summoned:
"Hear my words, now hear my words, my bro-
From the forest-hill the Vila told me, [thers!
That we should no longer waste our treasures
In the vain attempt to raise the fortress
On a shifting, insecure foundation.

Said the Vila of the forest-mountain,
"Each of you a faithful wife possesses;
Each a faithful bride that keeps your dwellings:
Her who to the fortress comes to-morrow,
Her who brings their rations to the workmen—
Her immure within the wall's foundations;
So will the foundation bear the fortress;
So Bojana's fortress be erected."

Now then, brothers! in God's holy presence
Let each swear to keep the awful secret;
Leave to chance whose fate 'twill be to-morrow
First to wend her way to Skadra's river."
And each brother swore, in God's high presence,
From his wife to keep the awful secret.

"When the night had on the earth descended,
Each one hastened to his own white dwelling;
Each one shared the sweet repast of evening;
Each one sought his bed of quiet slumber.

"Lo! there happened then a wonderful marvel!
First, Vukashin on his oath he trampled,
Whispering to his wife the awful secret:
"Shelter thee! my faithful wife! be sheltered!
Go not thou to-morrow to Bojana!
Bring not to the workmen food to-morrow!
Else, my fair! thy early life 'twill cost thee:
And beneath the walls they will immure thee!"

"On his oath, too, did Uglesha trample!
And he gave his wife this early warning:
"Be not thou betrayed, sweet love! to danger!
Go not thou to-morrow to Bojana!
Carry not their rations to the workmen!
Else in earliest youth thy friend might lose thee:
Thou might'st be immured in the foundation!"

"Faithful to his oath, young Goiko whispered
Not a breath to warn his lovely consort.
"When the morning dawned upon the morrow,
All the brothers roused them at the day-break,
And each sped, as wont, to the Bojana.

"Now behold! two young and noble women;
They—half-sisters—they, the eldest sisters—
One is bringing up her snow-bleached linen,
Yet once more in summer sun to bleach it.

See! she comes on to the bleaching meadows;
There she stops—she comes not one step farther
Lo! the second, with a red-clay pitcher;
Lo! she comes—she fills it at the streamlet;
There she talks with other women—lingers—
Yes! she lingers—comes not one step farther.

Goiko's youthful wife at home is tarrying,
For she has an infant in the cradle
Not a full moon old, the little nursing:
But the moment of repast approaches;
And her aged mother ther bestirs her;
Fain would call the serving maid, and bid her
Take the noon-tide meal to the Bojana.
"Nay, not so!" said the young wife of Goiko;
"Stay, sit down in peace, I pray thee, mother!
Rock the little infant in his cradle:
I myself will bear the ford to Scadra.
In the sight of God it were a scandal,
An affront and shame among all people,
If, of three, no one were found to bear it."

So she staid at home, the aged mother,
And she rocked the nursing in the cradle.
Then arose the youthful wife of Goiko;
Gave them the repast, and bade them forward.
Called around her all the serving maidens;
When they reached Bojana's flowing river,
They were seen by Mrljavchevich Goikio,
On his youthful wife, heart-rent, he threw him;
Flung his strong right arm around her body;
Kissed a thousand times her snowy forehead:
Burning tears streamed swiftly from his eyelids,
As he spoke, in melancholy language:

"O my wife, my own! my full heart's sorrow!
Didst thou never dream that thou must perish?
Why has'thou our little one abandoned?
Who will bathe our little one, thou absent?
Who will bare the breast to feed the nursing?"
More, and more, and more, he fain would utter;
But he king allowed it not. Vukashin,
By her white hand seizes her, and summons
Master Rado,—he the master-builder;
And he summons his three hundred workmen.
But the young espoused one smiles, and deems
All a laughing jest—no fear o'ercame her. [It
Gathering round her, the three hundred work-

men
Pile the stones and pile the beams about her.
They have now immured her to the girdle.
Higher rose the walls and beams, and higher;
Then the wretch first saw the fate prepared her,
And she shrieked aloud in her despairing;
In her woe implored her husband's brothers:

"Can ye think of God?—have ye no pity?
Can ye thus immure me, young and healthful?"
But in vain, in vain were her entreaties;
And her brothers left her thus imploring.

Shame and fear succeeded then to censure,
And she piteously invoked her husband:
"Can it, can it be, my lord and husband,
That so young, thou, reckless, would'st immure
Let us go and seek my aged mother: [me:
Let us go—my mother she is wealthy:
She will buy a slave—a man or woman,
To be buried in the walls' foundations."

When the mother-wife—the wife and mother,
Found her earnest plaints and prayers neglected,
She addressed herself to Neimar Rado:

"In God's name, my brother, Neimar Rado,
Leave a window for this snowy bosom,
Let this snowy bosom heave it freely;
When my voiceless Jovo shall come near me,
When he comes, O let him drain my bosom!"
Rado bade the workmen all obey her,
Leave a window for that snowy bosom,
Let that snowy bosom heave it freely
When her voiceless Jovo shall come near her,
When he comes, he'll drink from out her bosom.

Once again she cried to Neimar Rado,
"Neimar Rado! in God's name, my brother!
Leave for these mine eyes a little window,
That these eyes may see our own white dwelling
When my Jovo shall be brought towards me,
When my Jovo shall be carried homeward."
Rado bade the workmen all obey her,
Leave for those bright eyes a little window,
That her eyes may see her own white dwelling,
When they bring her infant Jovo to her,
When they take the infant Jovo homeward.

So they built the heavy wall about her,
And then brought the infant in his cradle,
Which a long, long while his mother suckled.
Then her voice grew feeble—then was silent:
Still the stream flowed forth and nursed the in-
Full a year he hung upon her bosom; [fant:
Still the stream flowed forth—and still it flow-
eth*.

Women, when the life-stream dries within them,
Thither come—the place retains its virtue—
Thither come, to still their crying infants.

This volume will considerably increase
the well earned reputation of its gifted trans-
lator. It affords an exciting indication of
literary stores—of an order novel, valuable,
and diversified, and we trust only heralds a
yet more extended exhibition of their peculiar
beauties. We are happy to observe the an-
nouncement of Finnish Runes; preceded by
a History of the Poetry and Mythology of
Finland.

THE SALVABILITY OF THE HEATHEN.

BY EDWARD WILLIAM GRINFIELD, M.A.
(Concluded from p. 219.)

WE resume the subject of Mr. Grinfield's
important work, which is 'dedicated to the
Incorporated Society for the Propagation of
the Gospel in Foreign Parts;' and, in fulfil-
ment of our promise, proceed to furnish our
readers with a general view of its contents.

The first part of this work is occupied with
the Scripture evidence for the salvability of
the Pagan world, from the creation to the
flood, and its tendency is, to show 'that the
treatment of the antediluvian world, so far as
we can judge of it from Scripture, was con-
ducted on the principles of impartial justice;
that none were excluded from the mercy of
God but by wilful and obstinate persever-
ance in known and unrepented sin, and that,
consequently every inference which can be
deduced from this history, is in favour of our
general argument.'

The flood may be considered as a signal
act of mercy to all succeeding generations,
as it shortened human life, and thereby en-
forced every motive for penitence and piety;
and, in the same proportion, diminished our
temptations and incentives to evil. With the
flood, the human race may be said to have
started anew; for by it all men were trans-
formed into one common character, reduced
to the same level, and the same origin.
Hence Mr. Grinfield here begins a new part,
and 'undertakes to show that the promise of
God in Christ relates alike to all generations,
and that all are rendered salvageable through
the divine mercy.' He considers 'the Cove-
nant with Noah; Shem, Ham, and Japheth;

* A small stream of liquid carbonate of lime is
still shown on the walls of Scutari, as evidence of the
truth of this story.

the Confusion of Language; the Call of
Abraham; the Covenant renewed; the De-
struction of Sodom; Abraham and Abime-
lech; Ishmael; Jacob and Esau; Joseph
and Pharaoh; Intermarriages of the Patri-
archs.' At last summing up his argument,
by observing, 'It appears that the original
dispersion of mankind after the flood arose
in consequence of an immediate exertion of
divine power, and that from this diversity of
language, the diversity of manners and cus-
toms, of national and religious distinctions, ne-
cessarily followed. It appears, also, that about
300 years after this event, God was pleased
to select Abraham as the trustee of that pro-
mise which had been made to Adam on be-
half of all his descendants; but that neither
Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, seem to have
drawn any unfavourable conclusions on this
account against the rest of mankind. They
lived on terms of friendship and hospitality
with their neighbours, many of whom seem
to have been eminent for their honesty and
integrity, and to have been actuated by the
love and fear of God.' All which he con-
ceives, in the absence of contrary evidence,
must be allowed to form no slight testimony
in favour of his argument for the salvability
of the heathen nations.

From the section on The Confusion of
Language, we will cite a few remarks:—

'For some time after the flood, "the
whole earth was of one language and of one
speech," and all mankind dwelt together, as
one vast family, in the plains of Shinar.

If, then, it had been the wish and design
of Providence that all men should have kept
up this intimate connection with each other,
and thereby have preserved a general uni-
formity in their opinions on moral and reli-
gious subjects, nothing would have tended
more to ensure this result, than thus leaving
them to converse with each other in one ori-
ginal and universal language.

The Scripture evidently records the dis-
persion of mankind, as the immediate act
of God for the purpose of scattering the na-
tions on the face of the earth; and from this
act, the endless diversities of national man-
ners and customs have originated. Some of
these tribes went into cold, barren, and in-
hospitable regions: hence arises savage bar-
barism. Others, in time, formed mighty
empires; hence the wars and stratagems of
more civilised society. But, whatever might
be these diversities, they were plainly design-
ed by Providence for the exertion and for-
mation of the human character under every
possible variety of circumstance and condi-
tion.'

Now 'as Providence has not merely per-
mitted, but, in some measure, caused this
diversity in the manners, opinions, and cir-
cumstances of mankind, it is to be taken as
an intimation, that this variety forms the
ground-work of our moral treatment, and
that it is altogether absurd to suppose any
individual will be punished for being that
which his Maker formed and intended him
to be. The savage, whose ancestors had
found their way to Nova Zembla, might just
as reasonably be punished for not knowing
the use of letters, as for not believing in a

Saviour of whom he has never heard. But that savage is still answerable to his Maker for his knowledge of good and evil; and when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, he will stand before the judgment-seat of Christ to receive for the things done in his body, whether they be good or evil.

In the third part of his work, Mr. Grinfield is engaged in collecting evidence in proof of his point from the Jewish economy. 'As in the patriarchal age, the form of the promise assumed that of a domestic blessing conferred on a particular family, so now, when it became national, it was invested with the appearance of a civil and ecclesiastical polity. But the original blessing and promise was still the same amidst all these varieties; and whether primitive, patriarchal, or Jewish, the form of the revelation might vary, yet the substance remained the same.'

The Jews were, in fact, 'nothing more than the channels and instruments for carrying this promise into effect.' It is true, there was no formal recognition of the universality of the covenant, because, then, the very purposes of the Jewish polity would have been defeated. But Mr. Grinfield thinks, the evidences for the question are numerous and diversified. 'Some arise out of express examples;—such is that of Jethro, of the Gibeonites, of Ruth and Naaman, &c. Others, from the principles of the Mosaic institutions;—such is the law respecting sins of ignorance, and the admission of Gentile proselytes. Some, from the general declarations of God's mercy and justice, others, from the influence of Judaism on the world at large. It will be observed, also, that these proofs multiply in number, and increase in importance, as the period for the fulfilment of the promise drew nigh; so that, at last, the whole history of the Jews appears blended with the histories and revolutions of surrounding empires.'

We now come to the fourth part of Mr. Grinfield's performance, wherein he considers 'the life of Christ.'

'If we consider what might be naturally expected on this subject from the founder of Christianity, it would, probably, be of this nature;—that his office and character should be not of a national, but of a universal description; that he should, on all occasions, show a general love for mankind at large, rather than for a peculiar nation; that he should evince a marked attachment to the principles of universal equity, in opposition to any preference or partiality towards individuals; and that the actions of his life, as well as the principles of his doctrine, should demonstrate his relationship to the whole human race.'

Should this be admitted of Christ, the conclusion seems naturally and powerfully to follow, 'that all men are interested in him as the Redeemer of the world.'

'Still, if it were his purpose and intention to make known the revelation to some, whilst others were to continue in ignorance; if it were his design to build up a church consisting of professed believers; it is plain, not only that the greater part of the promises

would be made expressly to them, but that they would be distinguished by some advantages and privileges which no others could enjoy. Such are the sacraments and ordinances which Christ has enjoined to his church, and which now place that church, in the same relation towards the heathen world, which the Jewish church formerly possessed towards the unproselyted Gentiles.'

But as in the case of the Jews, so the privileges of Christians must not be considered as implying the destruction of those to whom such privileges have not been granted.

We cannot insert any part of the body of evidence contained in this part, but must content ourselves and our readers with a few extracts from the generalization of the argument, in relation to the divinity and the humanity of Christ:—

'There would be no more absurdity in limiting the mercy and goodness of God as displayed in his creative and providential government, than in limiting the redemption of Christ to a part or portion of mankind; and until the principles of Christian theology are thus made to tally and correspond with the principles of reason and moral science, the divinity of Christ can never be consistently maintained by those 'who acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity,' and who in the power of 'the divine majesty worship the Unity.' Now turn to his humanity:—'Amongst all the actions of our Saviour's life, there is not one which betokens any thing like partiality or favouritism. He shows no national prejudices or prepossessions. Publicans and sinners, Samaritans and Canaanites, are as welcome to him as the descendants of Abraham. And how kind is he towards those who had but a trifle! The widow's mite attracts his praise; the lost sheep dwells upon his tongue; the little child is embraced in his arms;—and are not these proofs of universal benevolence and of unlimited compassion.'

If the point, for which it is contended by Mr. G., have appeared progressively more credible and conclusive, 'it may be reasonably demanded that its demonstration should be rendered full and complete by its union with the writings and doctrines of the apostles. Still, in an historical or doctrinal account of the Gospel, it would be very unreasonable to demand any formal or professed statement of its beneficial effect on those who had never heard it. It is only incidentally that we can look for the intimations of its universal benefits, because such intimations could prove of no practical advantage to the *Heathens*, whilst they might interfere with the obligations of *Christians* to spread and diffuse the Revelation amongst them.' Mr. G. then shows, from the doctrinal comments of the apostles, that the inference he would draw, is so identified with their arguments as to form a component part of their assertions and conclusions.

Apprehending, however, that it may be objected, he has noticed such passages only as appear to favour his argument, he says, 'When Christ is said "to be the Head of the Church," "to have purchased the Church

with his own blood," "to have loved the Church, and given himself for it," &c.; far be it from me to attempt to degrade or depreciate the value and import of such titles and promises.—Let all the claims and privileges of Christian believers be fully and fairly acknowledged; but let us not view that redemption as partial which is asserted to be universal. The covenant of God in Christ, I contend, was made for the redemption of the world; but of this covenant the Church is the appointed keeper and guardian. As such, whilst she holds the general blessing on behalf of all mankind, she enjoys many valuable blessings and privileges of her own.

'It is not to be denied, that there are a few passages which seem to favour the doctrine, that there is no salvation out of the Church. "Forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles, that they may be saved." "The Lord added daily to the Church such as should be saved." &c.—But, it is sufficient to observe, that they do not require half the ingenuity to explain them in their relation to the Heathen, which some other passages in the Epistle to the Romans require in their reference to the members of the Church.

'Even as an hypothesis, that must be deserving of examination, which offers to explain difficulties that have hitherto eluded solution; which admits the objections of unbelievers, and which neutralizes all their force; which places Christianity on the basis of nature, without compromising or disguising any one doctrine or mystery of grace; nay, which brings all the difficulties and obscurities of Providence to shed light and lustre on the gospel dispensation. "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our readers will not blame us for giving a concluding reflection of Mr. Grinfield's:—

'The best and happiest attitude in which we can view this subject, is by connecting its universal importance with its practical application to ourselves. Let us view our advantages, not as mere privileges, but as the most awful and powerful obligations to lead a Christian and a godly life; and, as far as lies in our power, to diffuse the knowledge of these obligations over Pagan nations.'

We must speak in terms of high commendation of this work, whatever uncertainty may still rest on the subject of which it treats.

Practical Elocution; or, Hints to Public Speakers. With a Dissertation on the Use of certain hypothetical Verbs in the English Language. By H. J. PRIOR, Teacher of Elocution, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1827. Simpkin and Marshall.

WORKS of this nature, when well executed, we consider extremely important; not only because we have not many such, but because of their tendency to produce correctness of pronunciation and delivery. We once read a small tract, published nearly sixty years ago, entitled *Directions concerning Pronunciation and Gesture*, which contained more within a compass of ten pages, than we have sometimes found in as many volumes. Our

public speakers should remember they are the guides of the public, and if they encourage a false method of pronunciation, it cannot be expected any other should prevail. Too few of them, however, we fear, are much influenced by the good or harm which may result from their example; and some even conceive that a peculiar method of delivery is the true road to fame. We will not say how much blame attaches to our Universities on this subject. Highly do we estimate those repositories of sound learning; and much do we desire they may extend their beneficial influence far and wide; but we have at times wished that more regard had been paid in them to elocutionary science, and to the probable future pursuits of the majority of their members. Art can do nothing without nature; but a little talent, properly directed and assisted, can accomplish much.

Mr. Prior's Practical Elocution consists of two parts; the first treating of the formation of voice and language, and the second of the qualities and command of speech. His remarks are not always so new as he would insinuate; and they are, moreover, occasionally clothed in language not the best. But there is in this book much that is true and useful, and we would not deny Mr. Prior that meed of praise his industry deserves.

The Castle of Villeroy; or, the Bandit Chief.
By ANN of Kent. 12mo. pp. 346. London, 1827. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is one of those attempts which have occasionally been made to mingle religion with fictitious narrative, and seldom with much success. The substance of the book is:—On a fine October evening, Count Montalbert, accompanied by his trusty Carlo, is represented as entering the forest of Lamanca, apparently regardless of his course. They are frightened by ghosts, particularly Carlo, who is a timid creature, and take shelter in a castle, almost uninhabited, which they find to be the castle of Villeroy. Here they are grievously alarmed, again, with spirits, and Carlo is several times struck to the floor dead with fright, and very apprehensive, from the ruffian-like appearance of its possessor, whose name is Bernardo. The count, however, overcome with sleep, dreams, and is informed, by 'a voice of sweetest nature, he can serve the unfortunate.' He discovers, after a while, a young lady detained a captive in the castle, who states herself to be an orphan, kindly brought up by Count Villeroy, but because she would not, at his desire, marry a friend of his, Count Cordello, a libertine and a gambler, is confined in the castle. Montalbert determines on effecting her release, and, in conjunction with Carlo, accomplishes his object. After travelling, however, for some time through the forest, they meet with a banditti, and the young lady is seized, and carried away by them to their cavern, to be the wife of their chief. This chief turns out to be the Count Morino, for a long time one of the first senators of Spain; and the young lady, to be the daughter of the late Count Villeroy, the brother of the present count. The chief, who well knew her father, resolves on pu-

nishing the man by whom she is kept out of her possessions, and the remainder of the book is occupied in the relation of the repentance of Villeroy, the imprisonment of the wife of the late count, who was supposed for many years to be dead, and the reformation from his bandit life of Morino; concluding with the marriage of the young lady to Montalbert.

Though it appears Ann of Kent is the author of some other works, as *Facts Illustrated* and the *Rose of Clermont*, we cannot, in justice to our literary character, say much in praise of her present composition. Not only there are several grammatical errors scattered through her book, and the language is often of a description far from the best; the story itself is frequently very weak, and mixed up with circumstances of so unlikely a kind, that while the reader feels interested by the general thread of the narrative, he must rise from its perusal with little satisfaction. In addition, also, to this, there are several long digressions from the main narrative, consuming one hundred and thirty-four pages; which, whatever interest the writer may think them to possess, to say the least of it, are in bad taste. But these are not the only faults; the digressions are sometimes introduced when the circumstances are such as to render a long introduction of foreign matter extremely improper. We will not prophesy, hence, much encouragement for this volume; though we expect, among some classes of persons, it will obtain circulation.

History of London; Part I. London. Cowie. THIS is a clever useful work, as far as we are able to judge from the first number, and deserves encouragement.

The World of Fashion, No. 35. London. Bell.

A SPIRITED paper, manifesting much good taste in its production.

Greece: a Monody on Lord Byron. London. Hunt and Clarke.

THE most infamous attempt at poetry we remember to have seen, certainly on such a subject. The man, however, can be little less than mad, who could write such a passage as the following, 'He whose spirit's residence was unbounded space; whose genius was eternity,' &c. Or think he was writing verse in such passages as these:—

'Thy name appeared on it as the first
That received the light which from freedom burst.'

Or—

'He who forth such magic sounds could breathe,
Lies motionless in the cold arms of death.
And leave him for awhile as guileless being,
As Adam was ere he was doomed to sin.'

And so on.

Constable's Miscellany, No. IV.—Adventures of British Seamen.

THIS well-selected miscellany deserves continued praise, and will, when completed, make a very excellent library for popular amusement.

ORIGINAL.

EVENING PARTIES.

I HAD not long returned from Cambridge, where I took my degree with some credit, before I received a card for an evening party. My life had been so entirely devoted to literary pursuits, that society had few charms for me, and I would at any time prefer a *tête-à-tête* with Aristophanes or Newton, to the most brilliant galaxy of a ball-room. But as I could now go to sleep without dreaming of wooden spoons*, or being plucked†, and as I could now sing—

'Post tot naufragia tutus sum
Baccalaureus artium.'

I felt no hesitation in returning an answer in the affirmative. I was not quite ignorant of college etiquette; but I found that that of Alma Mater was very different from that which is exacted elsewhere. Often have I cursed our morning calls! Many a time, when 'my oak has been sported' (i. e. my outer door shut), and I have been drawing at the deep cup of mathematics, has some noisy gay acquaintance thundered at it with vocal heel, and compelled me to open. Often have I been dragged from Euripides to blister my hands with rowing on the Cam; or literally hauled out to go to a 12 o'clock breakfast, and gorge myself with rumpsteaks and champagne, and lay in a stock of sick head-aches for a week. Such are morning calls at Granta! Now in visiting—If Mr. Johnson, of Trinity, wanted to leave his card with Mr. Dobson, of St. John's, he would not use one with 'Mr. John Johnson, Trinity,' printed on it, but one with 'Johnson, Trin.,' written on it; so if he wanted a friend to take wine with him, he would leave his card, with 'wine' pencilled in a corner. So much for college rules; with the rules of politesse in London, I confess, myself to be shamefully ignorant.

The evening appointed for my debut duly arrived, and about a quarter to 10, I knocked at my friend's door. My arrival was announced with the customary ceremonial and nomenclatorial vociferation, but I perceived that it caused no other effect than a general stare towards me as I made my entrée. I made my bow, but no one returned it; my hostess was at the other end of the room, she nodded, and I bowed again. As I did not immediately perceive a seat, and no one thought of offering me one, I was left standing, a complete obstacle in the door-way—a regular human Sylla for endangering loaded footmen and waiters! Now did I jump aside to get out of the way of one flunkey, and, in so doing, run bolt up against another! and now was I left dodging about between powdered fellows in liveries, trays and coffee-cups, till I thought I should have fainted! At length I was fortunate enough to find a chair, and I then indulged in the visionary hopes of a cup of tea. I saw a

* The last of the wranglers is called golden spoon; the last of the senior optimes is called silver spoon; and the last of the junior optimes is called wooden spoon.

† Being plucked is equivalent to being told, that you don't know quite enough just yet, but may try next year.

tray approach; *tea veniente*, thought I, I shall at last have some refreshment after my hair-breadth 'scapes, and likewise it will give me something to do. I had been at least twenty minutes without opening my mouth; I had twisted my white cambric into innumerable figures, and had nearly twisted my watch-key off its swivel! But how was I disappointed when I took what he had the impudence to call tea! What it might have been before I came, I know not; but now it was no more like what I call tea, than a cat is like a case of pistols! It was tasteless and colourless, which I believe are two properties that belong to water *only*. And then the bread and butter! A quartern loaf, cut in that way, would have covered an acre! it was in consistence just like a sheet of writing paper! The whole plate of it would scarcely have made a mouthful! Etiquette, however, required that I should take only one piece at a time, and etiquette required that I should make that piece last for a tolerable period! That I should make 'two bites of a cherry.' To drink another cup of such stuff was impossible, and to eat without drinking would seem to indicate that I was hungry, which I understood was a very vulgar propensity. I now ventured to make a survey of the room, which really had a very regular appearance, the company formed a pretty correct circle round it,—the ladies and gentlemen tolerably alternated, like the black and white keys upon a piano-forte. The bustle of souchonging was now over, and the silence was truly edifying. Sometimes, indeed, you could hear 'very fine weather for the time of year,—dreadful thunderstorm,—Mr. Kean,—Mad. Vestris;' but even such scraps as these were only occasional, 'like angel visits, few and far between.' All the conversation that there was, was carried on *sotto voce*, as if the confabulating parties were talking treason! At length said our hostess, 'Shocking thing, Mr. M——'s death,—left a large family; when was he buried?' The time and place of that ceremonial being duly ascertained, silence again resumed his empire, and the conversation died with Mr. M.'s burial. Card tables were then announced to be ready in the next room, and the elder part of the company *exited* in regular order—lady and gentleman, gentleman and lady, and so on. Seeing the younger part remain, I thought my age required that I should stay too, though I did not know how we were to amuse ourselves; but I stayed because the others did. I presently saw a young man clearing his throat, adjusting a smile, and evidently making great preparations to speak. At length, after many laudable efforts, he succeeded in requesting Miss Gibbs to favour us with a song. Miss Gibbs instantly declared she could not; some one as positively asserted that she could; and there arose a general squabble. Miss Gibbs asseverated that she had never sung a song in her life; fifty others deposed that Miss Gibbs had sung a thousand. At length she was prevailed upon. She was handed to the seat with the customary formalities, the book was arranged, the stool screwed to its proper adjustment,

and down she sat to a gigantic Italian bravura, twelve pages in length, and which she commenced with a confidence which I thought right highly laudable in a *first* attempt! Silence prevailed; the introductory symphony; but no sooner did she begin to sing than a general conversation commenced. Amphion set stones, and she set tongues in motion. Not a note could be heard! But when she ceased, there was a general shout of 'beautiful!' 'much obliged to you!' &c. &c.; though I am confident you might as well have listened for the music of the spheres as for Miss Gibbs's. Several other young ladies then favoured us with a similar effort, which was attended with similar effects; and the conversation was continued as long as there was any one to play. In the middle of a long sonata of Corilli's, supper was announced; the lady who was operating upon the piano was immediately deserted; and I could not help thinking of the old proverb of 'Le ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.' As for myself, I do confess that I exerted a little more animal strength, in endeavouring to get sight of the table, than was strictly decent; but, however, even this was unavailing. Here were gentlemen asking for jellies for ladies, all the while intending and meaning to demolish the said jellies themselves. Champagne was drank out of wine-glasses, and punch out of tumblers; but as for obtaining any thing solid, a piece of any thing eatable, you might as well have asked for an ice in the Birman empire. An ice, however, after an immensity of efforts, I succeeded in obtaining; this I greedily demolished, heated and empty-stomached as I was: and you may imagine the consequences. I went home in an absolute state of starvation, sick and shivering, duly impressed with a proper idea of the comforts and luxuries of evening parties.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE attention paid to the gratuitous instruction of the poor, forms an honourable item in the character of the legislators of this interesting portion of the globe. A correspondent in the American Union has favoured us with some interesting facts on this subject, from which we have selected the following:

In the state of Massachusetts, there are 1726 school-districts,—226,220 dollars are annually raised for their support; 117,186 pupils were instructed last year. The pupils in private schools amounted to 26,683,—expense, 152,455 dollars. In New York, 431,060 children were taught during 1826, at an expense of 185,965 dollars. In the city and county of Philadelphia, 4692 children were taught in the Lancasterian schools (established by law) in 1826, at a cost of less than four dollars per year for each child. The school-fund of Connecticut is 2,750,233 dollars. New Jersey has one of upwards of 100,000 dollars.

Four hundred and sixty-two medical graduates were sent into the world last year; of which number 114 were from the University of Pennsylvania. There were, in all, upwards of 600 graduates in the different universities and colleges in 1826.

DIE IDEALE.

'Quis nunc te fructur credulus aurea?'—HON.

AND wilt thou thus, Perfidious, leave me,
With all thy train of visions bright?
Of joys and pains at once bereave me,
Inexorably bent on flight?
Will nought thy fleeting course control?
A golden time of life's young dream!
Vain hope! thy waves still onward roll,
To join eternity's dark stream.
Quenched is that sun, which cheerful light
Did to youth's airy path impart;
Extinguished that ideal bright
That swelled th' intoxicated heart:
The superstitious faith's away
In forms produced by dreams alone;
To harsh reality a prey,
What once so fair, so godlike shone.
The victim* of his own rare skill,
Through pores of once unfeeling stone
Could, by his warm embrace, instil
A feeling, passion like his own.
The shadowy bliss I thus caressed
Of my enamoured fancy bred,
Till, to my quickening bosom prest,
It seemed with life substantial fed.
The dancing spark, that thrilled my frame,
Was caught by every object round,
They seemed to glow with answering flame,
Seemed to repeat my heart's strong bound.
The tree, the flower, the weed that crawls,
A spirit seemed of life to share;
The silver sound of waterfalls
Had voice and music to mine ear.
How once, by vigorous courage buoyed,
By care uncurbed, unchilled by fear,
Hope's cheating forms, yet undestroyed,
Sprang the bold youth on his career!
Beyond the palest star that shone
O'er heaven's dim edge, his purpose soared;
Height undescried, distance unknown,
His thought's strong-pinioned flight explored.
How sprightly he the race began!
What goal for him too hard to gain?
How gamboled, as he lightly ran,
Before his eyes the jocund train!
Love, who his honied guerdon prest;
Fortune, with ringlets gold imbound;
Transparent Truth, in sun-bright vest,
And star-crowned Fame, that spurns the ground.
But ah! ere half was done the race,
Lagged in his wake the fainting crew;
Or, wavering in the breathless chase,
Alternate from his side withdrew:
Then vanished lightfoot Fortune's form;
Science her thirst left unalloyed;
And Doubt, involved in cloudy storm,
The beacon-light by Truth displayed.
I saw Fame's hallowed garland cling
Round brows profaned by sordid mind;
The tender bud of Love's short spring,
Nipped by untimely winter, pined;
And darker gathered still the night,
The rugged path still lonelier grew;
Scarce through the gloom a half-seen light
Hope from her flickering taper threw.
Of all, whose loud mirth once I met,
What true associate last adheres?
Whose cheering voice upholds me yet?
Who'll grace my dust with honest tears?
Thou, Friendship! that, with gentlest care,
Bind'st hearts by cold neglect undone;
Prompt Misery's crushing load to share;
Thou early wooed, and early won!

* Pygmalion enamoured of a statue.

HINDOO JOURNALS.

LITTLE is at present known in Europe respecting the journals published in Hindostan, in the language of the country. These periodicals, which are now increased to six, (four of which are in the Bengal dialect, and two in Persian,) have now existed about nine years. The earliest of these, entitled *Somathara Darpana*, first appeared on the 23rd of May, 1818. It is published at Serampore, and contains, besides the political news of the day, brief notices of the most remarkable occurrences and discoveries of Europe, and occasionally interesting articles of a miscellaneous nature. In order, too, to render their publication as extensively useful as possible, the editors employ the various dialects of the country. This journal supports the interests of the British. The next in succession are the *Sāmbatmondi* and *Sāmbat-Chandrika*, both of which adopt the opinions of the preceding. They contain chiefly local intelligence, and sometimes indulge in violent party feuds, either in defending or opposing the tenets of Hindooism. The *Timara-Nasaka* (literally the Destroyer of Darkness,) has little pretensions to the title it has assumed, as it defends all the miracles and prodigies of the Bonzes and Bramins, to the notice of which it principally devotes its labours, and the credit of which it strenuously endeavours to support. All the six journals have not much more than one thousand subscribers,—a lamentably small number for a population of eighty millions: yet a century and a half ago, those of England and France had not more readers; and in Germany, which is now so prolific in this species of literature, there existed not a single periodical of any description.

NECROLOGY.

THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT.

In losing this venerable nobleman, who was still more illustrious for his patriotism and philanthropy, than for his splendid descent from one of the most ancient families of France, the cause of humanity has been deprived of one of its most amiable supporters. François Alexandre Frédéric Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (which latter name he derived from his estates in Beauvais) was born in 1747. As a member of the National Assembly he was zealous in promoting reform in the administration and finances, and took a conspicuous part in the debates of the memorable night of the 4th of August, when the feudal system was declared to be abolished. After the 10th of August, 1792, he fled to England, whence he proceeded to America, in which country he remained till 1799, travelling through various parts, and collecting information relative to the state of its agriculture and manufactures, and its political and charitable institutions. The result of these travels he afterwards gave to the public, in six volumes. On his return to France he rejected all the overtures made him by Napoleon, and would accept of no other favour than the order of the Legion of Honour. From this period he applied him-

self wholly to the improvement of his estates, and established cotton manufactories on the plan of those in England. He founded schools for artisans (*Ecoles des Arts et Metiers*) at Compiègne, Chalons, and Angers; and was instrumental in forming the '*Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*,' at Paris. Every institution that had for its object either the relief of the suffering or the reform of the guilty shared his zeal: hospitals and prisons, the asylums of indigent age, or deserted infancy, are alike indebted to him for many useful regulations and improvements. He was likewise one of the most zealous promoters of schools of 'mutual instruction,' and of the two societies for the 'Improvement of Elementary Education, and the Application of Christian Morals to Social Life.' In short, his lessons, his example, his influence, were uniformly employed for the benefit of the public; nor should it be forgotten that it is to him France is indebted for the first introduction of vaccination into that country, an object to which he continued to devote his attention during twenty years of his long and useful life. Besides his Travels in America, he published, anonymously, a small but valuable work, *La Statistique du Canton de Creil*, which supplies much important information as to the progress of agriculture, trade, manufactures, and popular education in that part of France where he had fixed his residence. The duke died at Paris on the 28th of last month, at the age of eighty-one, and his funeral took place on the 30th, but his patriotism and his virtues could not shield his remains from insult while being conducted to the grave. His very merits, in fact, served only to excite the jealousy and vindictive hatred of those who regard with abhorrence all new institutions, and whatever tends to promote the liberty of the people. A numerous train of peers, deputies, and distinguished individuals of every rank followed, on this mournful occasion, the body of the deceased to the Church of the Assumption, when the solemnity of the scene was suddenly converted into tumult and disorder. Some of the pupils from the school of Chalons had obtained permission to testify their respect for their benefactor by bearing his coffin to the grave; but a commissary of the police and a military officer insisted upon this ceremony being dispensed with, and recourse was actually had to violence to wrest the coffin from its bearers; the coffin itself was thrown down, and a number of persons seriously injured. But the insult has recoiled upon the authors of it, and the public voice has loudly expressed its indignation at such sacrilegious outrage offered to the manes of one who was an honour to France. At the Barrier of Clichy, an eloquent harangue in honour of the deceased was pronounced by M. C. Dupin, member of the Academy of Sciences. The following day, on the motion of the Duc de Choiseul, the Chamber of Peers ordered that a specific inquiry should be made into the cause of this disturbance, and laid before them.

FINE ARTS.

ENAMEL CARDS.

WE have just seen some remarkably beautiful specimens of this invention, which, although it has been some time known in Germany, is quite new in this country. The surface of the card has a polish equal to that of the finest enamel or ivory, and may, in fact, be used instead of the latter material, for miniature painting. The engraving is sometimes executed in black, but mostly in gold, the brilliancy and solidity of which is truly admirable. There is likewise another mode, in which, when viewed in one direction, the design or writing is gold, but in another, appears to be copper. We have no doubt but that these cards will very shortly be in great request among the fashionable world, for nothing can be more elegant for cards of address. Mourning cards are executed in silver, on a black enamel ground. Mr. Christ, the patentee, has likewise taken an impression from a copper-plate, upon plaster of Paris, which, by the process he uses, acquires a glossy surface, like that of fine vellum. Engravings taken on enamel card-board, if we may judge from some of the cards printed in ink instead of gold, would have an extraordinary brilliancy, and might be framed without requiring a glass, as their own polish would have all the effect of one. It is evident that this invention may be applied to a variety of other ornamental purposes, for instance, to designs engraved in gold for fire-screens, work-boxes, chimney ornaments, &c.; or when the enamel paper is used for miniatures, a rich ornamental border, either upon a black or other ground, may be introduced, leaving a blank space for the painting. And of course various coloured grounds may likewise be used for the other purposes we have just mentioned.

ENGRAVINGS.

Hesitation. Engraved by CHARLES ROLLS, from a Painting by R. FARRIER. Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

It is not long since we had to notice a very excellently-engraved print of the School Boy, by Romney, after one of Mr. Farrier's paintings. Another has been just published, after the same artist, by Mr. Rolls, who, although comparatively young in his profession, is entitled to rank among our best line engravers. The picture is one of Mr. Farrier's most interesting and successful efforts. The subject is illustrative of the passage in the old Scotch ballad:—

'And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nae think o' Donald mair.'

The *hesitating maiden* is standing by a well near her cottage, and the doubting but still hoping lover is gazing on her beautiful countenance, and pausing for her answer to his prayer, while she is turning her apron string round her finger, and struggling between her affection for the absent Donald, and the temptation of the siller and the silk attire. Mr. Farrier is a great favourite with the public, and we are happy to find that the efforts of the engraver have succeeded in making his

talents more widely known and appreciated. Mr. Rolls has done him ample justice, and has added materially to his own reputation, by the way in which he has executed this valuable print. It is completely the work of a master in his art: the lines are broad, free, and effective, and there is no part of the print that has not been skilfully and minutely touched.

Picturesque Views of English Cities, No. 2.

From drawings, by G. F. ROBSON; various engravers.

THE second part of this interesting work has been just published by Mr. Britton, and we think it decidedly superior to its predecessor—a proof of success, and that success has been merited. The views in this number are of the cities of Winchester, Hereford, Salisbury, Chester, Carlisle, Norwich, Wells, and Lincoln. The points at which the views have been taken have been skilfully selected by the painter; the engravings are, without an exception, executed in a manner very creditable to the respective artists; and altogether the work is of so pleasing a character, that we may be justified in anticipating for it a considerable share of public patronage.

The Works of Canova. Engraved in outline by MOSES.

THE first part of the third volume of this valuable work will be published in the course of a few days, by S. Prowett. It contains the celebrated work in *basso relievo* of the Death of Adonis. The equestrian statue of the King of Naples, executed in bronze, busts of Murat and his Queen, and Madame Recamier, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL criticism has rarely assumed the tone, or had the station assigned to it which it is entitled to hold. The subject is regarded and treated in general as an ephemeral concern—as one of the diurnal topics, to which the whim or the actor of the hour gives its only importance; and the critic seems in general more solicitous to echo the voice of fashion, or swell the popularity of a favourite, than to establish his judgments on the firm foundations of principle, and make them ministrative to the progress of intellect, and the advancement of real taste and genius. Yet the genius and taste of a nation are a part of its morals; or, at least, the connection between these and the state and progress of morality is so intimate and inseparable, that the former can never be degenerate without contributing to the debasement of the latter: and the maxim will, perhaps, be found to apply to the drama and representations of the stage with peculiar force, and to a more popular extent than to almost any other subject to which taste and genius can be applied. Those who approve, and those who disapprove of theatrical entertainments, must alike agree in this,—that, if the people are to be gratified with such amusements, it is, at any rate, matter of high importance what the characters of the performances exhibited should be. The critic, therefore, in judging

of them, has an important and responsible function to perform. In an intellectual point of view, especially, those who have attended to the history of the progress of human mind and the development of the faculties of genius, will not be regardless of the progress and operation of the drama; and, however low the dramatic literature of the present day may have fallen, they will not fail to recollect, that not only in *this*, but in almost *every* country, the earliest and noblest displays of the vigour and power of literary talent have been made in this department. A late celebrated philologist did not err much from the point of just appreciation, when he maintained that 'the cream of every language was to be found in its dramatic poetry.'

The influential faculty employed in the representation of what the poet has created, is indeed of a more transient description; but it is not for its time *less* influential; and a coarse, mouthing, blustering actor, or a gross and fantastic buffoon has an operative effect upon something more than the mere manners of his audience and spectators. To counteract still more efficiently these perversions, and correct at once the taste of the writer the actor and the public, is the duty of the periodical critic. These reflections, however, may be said to have more reference to the general function, than to immediate application: for the theatricals of an Easter week furnish few opportunities for the gravity of criticism. Holiday folks, though Shakspeare may be on the stage, go not to the theatre to listen to him. The show, the pageant, the marvels of the scene painter and machinist, and the drollery of the humorist, are what they throng to gaze and laugh at; and till these commence, they seldom permit the voice of an actor to be heard either by others or themselves. Such is the description of taste to which the managers of our theatres have to minister in holiday weeks, and if they do it effectively, without offence to moral decency, even the cynic ought to be satisfied; and we have no complaints, in this respect, to prefer, on the present occasion.

DRURY LANE.—The novelty for Easter Monday at this theatre was *The Boy of Santaline*; and the subject might reasonably be expected to be attractive, for every body has read Gil Blas, and every body has a sort of interest in his adventures. But it is only in its detached episodes that it can be treated dramatically, as was sufficiently shown by the abortive attempt which, some years ago, was made at another theatre, in which the principal character had three different representatives in the different stages of the action—beginning with Miss Kelly and ending with Mr. Bartley. The present drama, which commences with the departure of Gil Blas on his travels, after adroitly cajoling his uncle, Gil Perez, the canon, successively, out of his forty ducats and his mule, carries us no farther than to the termination of the adventures with the banditti; which is, perhaps, the best episode that could have been selected, for the show and bustle and stage effect which the season of presentation requires. In these respects, the piece was by no means defective. The scenery, the costumes, the

groupings, the representation of the characters, the riotous revellings in the cavern, the desperate conflict in the attack upon the carriage and escort of Don Martin de Mosquera, and every thing that could be effected by actors, scene-painters, dress makers, and machinists, were in the very best style; and the scene, especially which, at the rising of the curtain for the third act, exhibits the field of conflict strewn with the carcasses of the slain, amid the darkness and silence of the night, with Gil Blas bending over the apparently-lifeless body of Rolando, who had been stabbed by his lieutenant, Desparado, during the conflict, is almost thrilling. It is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Kelly did every thing that could be done for the character of Gil Blas: she never does less. Nor was Mr. Wallack less at home in all the changes and disguises, as well as in the proper character of Rolando—a bandit chief, uniting, (as in dramas and legends we often find united,) all the generous and noble qualities of a hero of romance, with the tricks of Autolochus and the profession of a desperado. But one of the best acted, and certainly the most humorous and laughable characters of the evening, (though Harley was there, and at home in Andrew Corenelo, the knavish innkeeper,) was Webster's Domingo, the fat old gouty negro. The piece was well received; and the scenery alone might sustain it through some nights of representation: but we do not think that all is done which the materials might have suggested; and the interpolated incident of a previous attachment between Donna Mensia and a boy so young as to find a fit representative in the slight female form of Miss Kelly, is a chilling absurdity that mars the interest of the fable.

The manager did not, however, depend upon the attraction of this novelty alone; for it was preceded by the *royally* popular comedy of *The Hypocrite*, with Downton's imitable acting in Dr. Cantwell, and Liston's very amusive buffoonery in Maw-worm. Miss Ellen Tree was the Charlotte, and was *very well*—though far from the most effective representative we have seen in the character.

There was also, (according to the now almost established usage of this theatre,) a third piece—the Haymarket petit comedy of *Match-making*, with a new title, *The Two make a Pair*, and Mons. Laporte, for the intriguing footman, Spruce. We cannot compliment Mons. L., though he was quite lively and whimsical enough, with being as happy in this character as in the mischief-making attorney's clerk, in *The Lottery Ticket*; and his anti-English pronunciation is not, to our ears, the least conspicuous drawback to his humour. It is curious that this exotic actor, who cannot speak a single sentence without marring our prosody and pronunciation with his gallicisms, should nevertheless be so confident of having no foreign accent, that he refuses, (as we understand,) to play such characters as Canton, Mons. Tonson, &c. because *he cannot speak broken English*.

A new *soi-disant* comedy, in three acts, was produced here on Wednesday, under the title of *Fast and Slow*; but it was so mere an aberration, that we forbear to give any account of it.

COVENT GARDEN.—The holiday new melodramatic romantic spectacle at this house, *Peter Wilkins and the Flying Indians*, is really one of the prettiest and most amusing fancies we ever saw exhibited in a public theatre. The story itself is known to all. Many of the principal incidents are well combined and beautifully represented; and the additional characters introduced harmonize well with the original fable, and give a zest of humour and variety which the story itself would otherwise, for dramatic effect, have wanted. The nondescript, or solitary wild man of the woods, (a sort of Ourang-Outang,) may be said to be really at home in the wild imaginative and delightfully-represented scenery of the piece, and was as well acted by Mr. Parsloe as it could have been by Mons. Massurier himself; and G. Penson's highlander, John Adams, and Power's Irish sailor, Phelim O'Speed, and Keely's cockney simpleton, Nichodamus Crowquill, furnished among them an inexhaustible fund of broad-grin humour, without ever pushing the humour to disgust or the grin to a yawn. But still the principal charm is in the materials drawn from the original story, and especially in the *gouries*, or flying women. Flying women! Really it is a little too unmerciful to be thus adding charms to those who already have too much; yet we confess the drapery of gay feathers, and the sylph-like wings of these delicate creatures, made them still more fascinating, if not to the hearts, at least to the fancy; and we yielded ourselves, without reluctance, to the illusion, as we saw them sometimes gliding, with apparently printless step, along the ground, and sometimes, with expanded pinions, soaring and fluttering in the air. The volant princess Yourawkee, the heroine of the tale, and her sister Hallycarnie, were appropriately represented by the small and aerial forms of Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott, and the female group that crowd the concluding scenes were altogether well selected and arrayed. We think, however, that a more airy formed representative of the columbat, or chief, than Mr. Chapman, might have been found; and that the males in general would have made a better appearance if their limbs had been merely clad in feathers, instead of being hooped round with a sort of kilt, or short petticoat of outstreeling plumage. Upon the whole, however, every thing connected with the decorations, the grouping, the perspective arrangements of the figures, from flying realities to well executed mechanic figures, and the minuter representations of distant groups on the scene, are in the best taste of scenic illusion. The scenery is throughout beautifully imaginative and picturesque; and, if we except the too glaring splendour of the coral cave, is perhaps even beyond all that even at this theatre has been hitherto exhibited. The piece upon the whole seems to be fully entitled to the enthusiastic reception it has met with. The only fault we find with it is that it has properly no catastrophe; for it terminates with Peter Wilkins (represented by Mrs. Vining) being transported through the air to combat

with the enemies of the king of the Flying Island, which is in reality the commencement, not the termination, of an adventure.

It was preceded, on Monday night, by Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Mr. C. Kemble's Romeo and the Juliet of Miss Jarman want now no comment, further than that they are much too good to be thrown away upon a holiday audience. On Tuesday, the character of Letitia Hardy, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and on Thursday that of Violante, in *The Wonder*, were assigned to Miss Foote; upon which we shall only observe, (though not much disposed to be Cynical in these matters), that we cannot much approve of the *example*, and do not well see how the real interest of the drama can be thereby advanced, of a lady who was wont to play a secondary line of characters, certainly very respectably, in a pleasing style of quiet undertone, should all at once be exalted into the comic heroine in characters demanding the very first-rate powers and talents of an actress, merely by the *charm* of certain incidents of real life, which, though they may have a plea for pity and forgiveness, have certainly no claim for admiration, either on or off the stage.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

OXFORD.

April 12.—On Saturday, the 7th inst., the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity by accumulation*: The Rev. G. Swayne, vicar of Hockleigh, Essex.—*Masters of Arts*: W. C. Rowe, Michel fellow of Queen's; the Rev. O. Leach, scholar of Jesus; S. R. Capel, Wadham.

Dr. Berens, fellow of All Souls, has been appointed one of the visitors of Mr. Michel's foundation at Queen's College, in the place of the Hon. and Right Rev. Edward, Lord Bishop of Oxford.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting graces and conferring degrees on the following days in the ensuing term:—April 26; May 3, 10, 17; June 2. No person will be admitted as a candidate for the degree of B.A., or M.A., or B.C.L., without proceeding through arts, whose name is not entered in the book kept for that purpose, at the vice-chancellor's house, on or before the day preceding the day of congregation.

CAMBRIDGE.

April 13.—On Friday last, the 6th inst., the following degrees were conferred:—*Hon. Master of Arts*: the Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, of Magdalene.—*Bachelors of Arts*: W. W. Wynne, of St. John's; H. G. Salter, of Jesus; E. S. Whitbread, of Trinity hall; E. H. Dawson, of Emanuel; T. Darby, of Downing. W. Breynton, B.A., of Magdalene, was elected travelling bachelor, on the nomination of the hon. and rev. Master of that society.

There will be congregations on the following days in Easter term:—May 2, 16, 30; June 11, (stat.) B.D. Com.; June 30; July 2.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. Bradburne, M.A., to the rectory of Toft, with the vicarage of Caldecot, Camb. Patrons, the master and fellows of Christ College.

The Rev. W. H. Roberts, M.A., to the rectory of Clewer, Berks. Patrons, the provost and fellows of Eton.

The Rev. J. Dodsworth, B.A., to the chapelry of Roundhay, near Leeds. Patron, S. Nicholson, Esq.

The Rev. R. Lowther, to the Parish of Muker, in Swaledale, Yorkshire.

The Rev. C. Musgrave, M.A., to the vicarage of Halifax. Patron, the King.

The Rev. Mr. Bull, to the perp. curacy of Sawerby, in the parish of Halifax.

VARIETIES.

Genoa and Moscow Theatres.—The new theatre at Genoa, built by Priascho, which is to be opened on the 24th of the present month, is said to be the largest in the world, exceeding in its dimensions both that of La Scala at Milan, and that of San Carlo at Na-

ples. We doubt, however, whether it be more spacious than the Petrovsky Theatre at Moscow, which was opened, for the first time, on January the 6th, 1825. This magnificent edifice is somewhat more than double the size of Covent Garden Theatre, being 319 feet (English) in length, by 219½ in width. The stage is 64 feet wide at the curtain, and 134½ deep:—at Covent Garden, the measurements, are 35 and 70 feet respectively. Six tiers of boxes, sumptuously fitted up with crimson velvet draperies and gold fringes, and ornamented with a profusion of gilding in front, present a most splendid coup-d'œil; yet there is one circumstance which, although it is mentioned as a beauty, and is certainly a great convenience to the spectators, must have rather a disagreeable effect—namely, the boxes have no pillars, or other visible supports, but are entirely sustained by braces resting in the wall at the back of the boxes. This wall is exceedingly thick, so that, in any case of fire, the audience would be perfectly secure on leaving the boxes, and the corridors are so spacious, that no extraordinary pressure would be occasioned by such a circumstance. Several magnificent and extensive saloons surround the audience part of the theatre. Moscow possesses, likewise, a structure of another description, which, if report may be trusted, is a most splendid pile: this is the new church of the Redemption.

Bonn, April 9.—The Russian minister of ecclesiastical affairs has given a fresh proof of the liberal protection afforded by the government to the sciences in general, and to the branches of philosophy and history in particular, by the support given to a great literary enterprise now in progress in this city, viz. a new edition of the collection of the *Scriptores Historiæ Byzantinæ*, now publishing under the direction of the privy councillor of state, Niebuhr. Besides other encouragements to the happy completion of the great work, the government has been pleased to order it to be subscribed for, for all the public libraries in the Russian dominions, as well those of the universities as of all the gymnasia and other liberal institutions.

Anecdote.—At one time, during the French revolution, there was an extreme scarcity in the country, and it was necessary for several towns to apply to the government for provisions. Two deputies were appointed by the small borough of Villeneuve-le-roi, to solicit relief from the committee at Paris. The first of these, M. Lombard de Langres, was stout-made, tall, and fat; the other, M. de Cateau-feuillet, was of a short, broad, and thick-set figure. 'We arrived,' says De Langres, in relating this anecdote, 'at Paris, and alighted at the place where the commission was held, at which Goujon presided, a member of the Convention, to whom we presented our petition. He looked at us for some time, and then, with the greatest possible sang froid,—"Subsistence for you, sirs?" said he. (It must be remarked that, at this period, the word sir, employed instead of that of citizen, was a sentence of death.) "Subsistence for you, sirs? When men possess such rotundity of form, such well-fed persons,

they do not come to Paris to cry out famine, unless they want to be arrested." I saw myself in a moment at the foot of the guillotine. My companion and I sneaked out of his presence. The fright had such an effect upon me, as to cause a breaking-out over my whole body. And as to Chateaufeuillet, who was naturally phlegmatic, he was seized, while we were at the commission, with a convulsive cough, which did not leave him until we arrived at Montereau. On our return, we gave an account of our embassy. The wants of the inhabitants were so urgent, that the same post-horses which had brought us from Sens to Villeneuve, took back two other deputies, the citizens Grean and Prota. Two laths or red herrings could not be more lean or shrunk than MM. Grean and Prota,—two bags of walnuts knocking against each other could not make more noise than the bones of this brace of fellow-travellers, rattling against each other in the rumbling vehicle which bore them to Paris. "Ay, ay, we will consider this matter now," said Goujon, on beholding the meagre spare figures of the new deputies; "here are people whose petition is written in their faces: let provisions be delivered to them instantly."—*Jamaica Journal and Kingston Chronicle*.

Dr. Gordon Smith's work on poisons, which has been much delayed by the ill health of the author, will shortly be ready for publication.

The controversial discussions between the Rev. Mr. Pope and the Rev. Mr. Maguire, commenced, we believe, on Thursday, in Dublin. They are to be continued daily, till the business terminates. The tickets of admission are divided equally between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. Special reporters are employed on each side, and an authorised account, signed by Messrs. Pope and Maguire, will be published.

A collection of early prose romances, under the title of *Ancient English Fictions*, is preparing for publication by Mr. William J. Thoms.

Critics.—In the days which are past indeed, but to which every scholar looks back with gratitude and triumph, the church of England was adorned by a Gataker, a Pearson, a Casaubon, a Vossius, a Bentley, a Wasse, and an Ashton. Within our own memory it has boasted of Pearce and Burton, of Taylor and Musgrave, of Toup and Foster, of Markland and Tyrwhitt. At the present hour, we recount with honest pride the literary merits of Porson, of Burney, of Huntingford, of Routh, of Cleaver, of Edwards, of Burgess; and when the name of Wakefield recurs to us, who does not heave a momentary sigh, and, catching the spirit with which Jortin once alluded to the productions of amiable dissenters, repeat the emphatical quotation of that most accomplished and amiable scholar,—*'Qui tales sunt, utinam essent nostri'*—Dr. Parr?

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
April 13	48	55	47	39 10		Fair.
.... 14	49	54	48	.. 20		Fair.
.... 15	47	54	48	.. 05		Showers.
.... 16	45	50	43	.. 06		Cloudy.
.... 17	42	51	42	.. 05		Showers.
.... 18	40	42	45	29 89		Showers.
.... 19	44	50	40	.. 76		Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to find that the correspondent from E—re has not deserted *The Literary Chronicle*; he is a welcome visitor even when our room is crowded.

J. R. P.'s communication must run the chance of a variety of other poetical articles.

F. can procure the information required for A. by application at the office.

To S— Certainly not; we insist only upon condition, that the article be good.

Camilla's wish shall be gratified. It is not altogether a fair supposition, that 'editorial duties and those of a graceful gallantry are incompatible.'

Vindex is furious without just cause; the sentence which irritates him was pronounced 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and not till evidence of all kinds had been thoroughly weighed.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Alexander's *Travels from India*, 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.—Grant's *Memoirs of Miss Bell*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Edwards's *Greek Delectus*, Timkovsky's *Embassy to China*, 2 vols. £1. 10.—Hursk's *Memoirs of the Duke of York*, 4s.—Scrope's *Geology of Central France*, 4to. £3. 3s.—Read's *Sybil Leaves*, 7s. 6d.—Newnham's *Principles of Education*, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Hawley's *Definitiois Morborum*, 10s. 6d.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS, in WATER COLOURS, will OPEN their Twenty-Third EXHIBITION, at the Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East, on MONDAY NEXT, the 23rd Inst. CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

In foolscap 8vo. 5s. boards, or post 8vo. 7s. boards, **POEMS by TWO BROTHERS**. London: published by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and J. and J. Jackson, Louth.

This day was published, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. in boards,

DIRECTIONS for the STUDY of THEOLOGY, in a Series of Letters from a BISHOP to his Son, on his admission into Holy Orders. By the Right Rev. GEORGE GLEIG, L.L.D. &c. &c. Printed for T. Cadell, Strand; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

In the Press, 8vo.

THE AGE REVIEWED. A Satire. To which is added, *THE RUNAWAYS*, a Political Dialogue.

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
'Report speaks favourably of *The Age Reviewed*, a political and literary satire, on the eve of publication. We apprehend the report of "those who suffer" will not be quite so favourable.'—Sun.
William Carpenter, Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

SUPERIOR BOOK FOR YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 6s. 6d. in bds.

KEEPER'S TRAVELS in Search of his MASTER. Fourteenth Edition, considerably enlarged by the Author.

London: published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

'The invaluable little volume of *Keeper's Travels*.'

—*New Monthly Magazine*.

'It is a book to be placed in the hands of all young persons, and to be read with advantage by many of their elders.'

—*Lit. Gaz.*

On the 26th inst. will be published, handsomely printed in 12mo. price 9s. in boards, the Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, of

A COMPENDIOUS INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of the BIBLE.

By THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, M. A. Illustrated with Maps, and other Engravings: being an ANALYSIS or Abridgment of his Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, (in 4 vols. 8vo.) adapted to the use of general readers.

'The shortest and most complete manual in the English Language.'—*Christian Remembrancer*, Feb. 1827.

'It is quite an acquisition..... It is beautifully printed; contains a large quantity of matter; and the maps and other illustrative engravings and vignettes, are admirably executed.'—*Congregational Magazine*, March, 1827.

'The cheapest work in the language, on the subject of biblical criticism.'—*Evangelical Magazine*, Feb. 1827.

'We can cordially recommend it as a valuable compendium of information.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, March, 1827.

London: printed for T. Cadell, Strand; W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and R. Milliken, Dublin.

This day is published, in one volume, 4to.

TRAVELS from INDIA to ENGLAND, comprehending a Visit to the BURMAN EMPIRE, and a Journey through PERSIA, ASIA MINOR, EUROPEAN TURKEY, &c.; in the Years 1825-26. Containing a Chronological Epitome of the late Military Transactions in Ava; an Account of the Proceedings of the present Mission from the Supreme Government of India to the Court of Tehran—and a Summary of the Causes and Events of the existing War between Russia and Persia. With Sketches of Natural History, Manners, and Customs, and illustrated with Maps and Coloured Lithographic Prints. By JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, Lieut. late H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons, and attached to the Suite of Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, K. L. S., Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran.

London: printed for Parbury, Allen, and Co., 7, Leadenhall Street.

Just published, in three vols. 8vo. price £1. 14s. bds.

SERMONS and PLANS of SERMONS, Selected from the unpublished Manuscripts of the late Rev. JOSEPH BENSON.

This work contains TWO HUNDRED and SIXTY Sermons and Plans; being the Substance of those Discourses, delivered by their Author, during the course of his ministry, with the most beneficial effects.

The Plans are highly creditable to the piety and talents of the writer, and while they serve as a valuable aid to the young minister of the Gospel, are suited generally to instruct and to improve, to inform the understanding and to affect the heart.'—*Christian Observer*.

This, as an elaborate and useful work, is admirably calculated to assist the divine in the compilation of his parochial sermons.—Mr. Benson has proved himself to have been a scholar and a man of great reflection, as well as of great compass of thought.'—*Monthly Magazine*.

Published by Cadell, Strand.

Just published, in 1 vol. 12mo. 5s.

A DICTIONARY of ENGLISH SYNONYMES, comprehending the Derivations and Meanings of the Words; and the Distinctions between the Synonymes illustrated by Examples.

By the Rev. JOHN PLATTS.

This work requires but few words to recommend it to public notice. The writer felt the want of such a book during the many years he was engaged in the instruction of youth; and he has some confidence that this Dictionary will be favourably received by the respectable conductors of seminaries, and that it will be the means of assisting the English student in acquiring a knowledge of his native language, and the proper distinctions of words.

The Dictionary contains many more Synonymes than are to be found in any work extant; and the alphabetical index, at the end, will at once exhibit all the words contained in the work, and direct to the page where each particular word may be found.

Published by J. Souter, School Library, 73, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This Paper is published early on Saturday, price 8d.; or 1s. post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London published by G. Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; by all Booksellers and Newsvenders; and at Paris, by M. Malher & Co., Libraires, Passage Dauphine.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.